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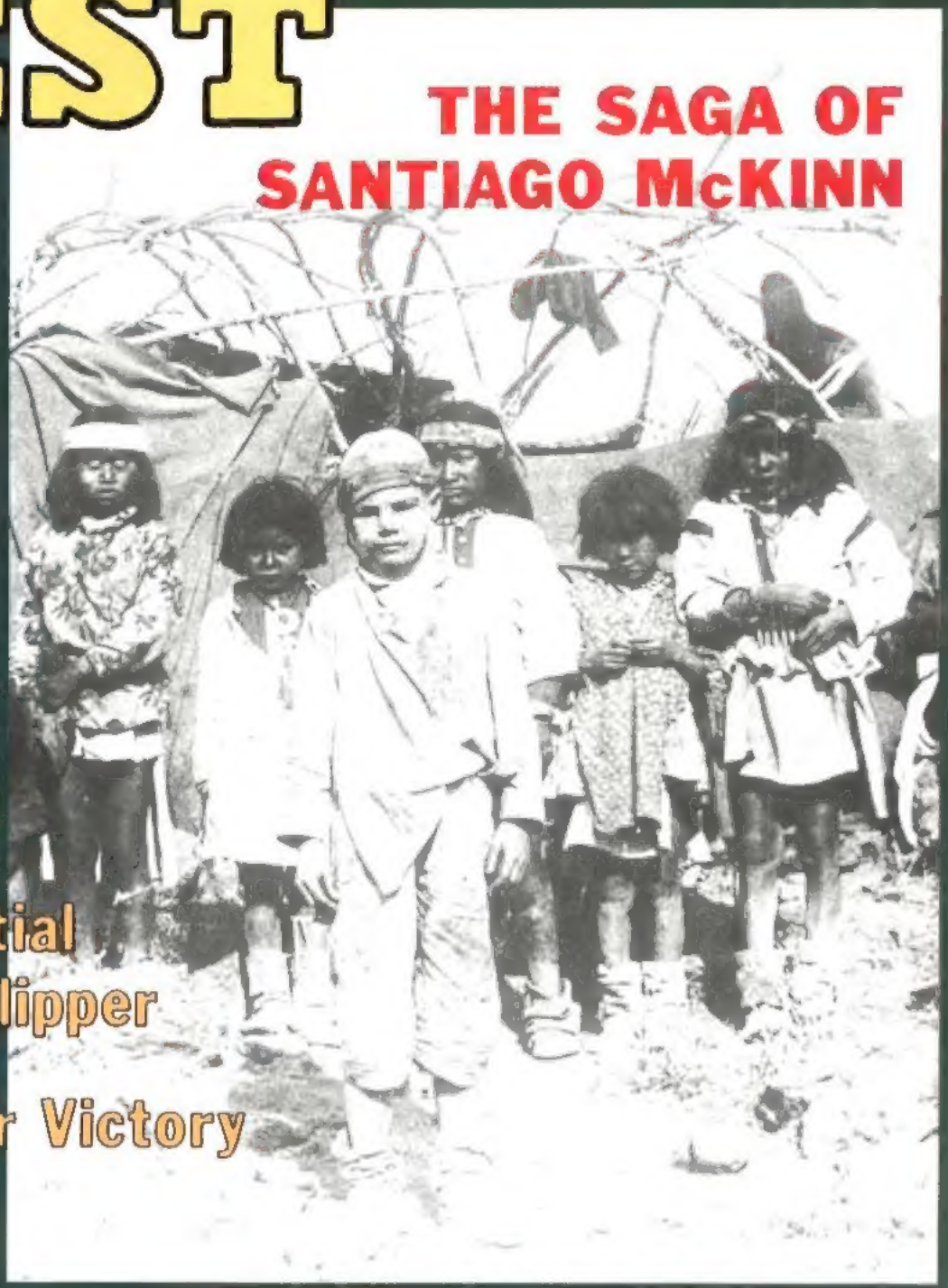

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TRUE WEST

June 1989
Vol. 36, No. 6
Whole No. 254

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OUR COVER

C.S. Fly's photograph of young Santiago McKinn among his Apache captors is one of the West's most poignant images. Courtesy Museum of New Mexico.

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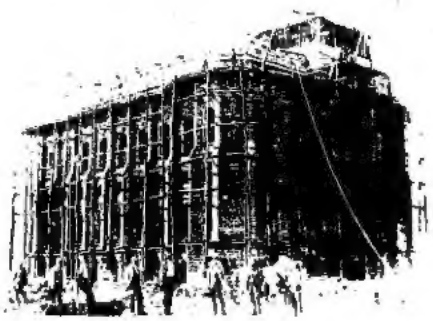

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From the Editor

"That's history!"

I reckon you've heard someone use that sentence lately. It's one of the fashionable cliches right now, an all purpose catch phrase for expressing disapproval.

For instance, if a some poor woman discovers hubby has been meeting another woman out behind the shed, likely he'll admit it but then add, "Pun'kin, darlin', that's history!" Translated: "I shore had fun till you caught me, but now that you have, I promise I'll never do it again, leastwise not until I'm caught again." Fu'ther translated: "Whatever happened, it happened in the past and now it doesn't matter because whatever happened in the past doesn't count in the present."

Or how about in one of the new cops and robbers movies? When a couple of bad guys decide to resolve a little spat with automatic pistols, one explains to the other, "You're history!" before shooting him full of holes. In this fine example of American film as art, the sentence (*death* sentence?) "You're history!" is the rough equivalent of telling someone "Go to hell!" It's spoken with a snarl of contempt because, after all, history is itself mighty pointless and despicable. It's reached a point where I'd rather be dead than be history. If a feller is just plain daid, he probably was an all right sort and his life was worth living. But if he's history, he's a non-existent nothing from a non-existent past. The only things that count are today and tomorrow.

Even our president and sometime Texan George Bush has adopted that fashionable phrase. As I'm writing this in March, the United States Senate has recently rejected John Tower's nomination for secretary of defense and is in the process of approving Wyomingite Dick Cheney. (I wouldn't want to comment politically on either of those gents, but being originally from Wyoming, I get just a tinge of secret pleasure in seeing Cheney succeed where one of those furriners from Texas did not.)

Anyhow, when Tower's nomination went down to defeat, our President responded with two little words: "That's history!" Translation: "It's in the past. None of us gives a hoot about the past, so let's talk about something else." What with the need for the President and the Congress to try to cooperate in these trying times, it's probably just as well that he's ready to let bygones be bygones and concentrate on getting his new nominee approved instead of fretting over the defeat of the old one.

But with the power he wields, his implied contempt for the past makes me nervous enough to sleep with my hat on and my boots close to the bed.

My point ain't to pick on a new president, who no doubt has troubles enough without taking potshots from the likes of me. But like his predecessor, President Bush seems to have a knack for picking out the catch phrases that more or less accurately reflect the national mood and turning them to his advantage. The burr under my saddle isn't that the President doesn't have any use for history but that we the people don't.

The next logical step from saying, "The past doesn't matter, only the future counts," is saying "The present doesn't matter either, except for what we do to shape the future." And then you have folks lying, cheating, stealing, and killing, all for the sake of some mythical future that will never be. These days politicians and bureaucrats, businessmen and football teams justify the most imperfect campaigning and the most corrupt shenanigans, supposedly in the higher cause of making a better world—and because the past doesn't count, even when it's news, we go along with them. It doesn't matter what kind of malarky they spread or what kind of dirty tricks they pull, just so long as they get elected or accomplish their goal or make their profit or win the big game, after which we expect we'll all sprout wings and halos and go back to the Garden of Eden.

We all know it doesn't work that way. The durned fool things we've done in the past keep coming around to make our present miserable, and the durned fool things we do today will keep coming back to haunt our future.

Of course, I have to admit I have a vested interest in the past, bein's how I make my living mining the history of the West. But it looks to me like we all have a stake in recognizing history's effect on our day-to-day existence. And I hope the next time I hear someone say "That's history," it will be with reverence and not contempt.

John Joerschke

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COWBOY INVENTOR

"The Boys of '98," Part Three (December 1988) is about Teddy Roosevelt's cowboy "Rough Riders" and their exploits at the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba. One of the names mentioned was Jesse D. Langdon, the last of the Rough Riders. (A picture of him and a short biography are on page eighteen.) Throughout the article, several of his exploits are recounted.

What is not generally known, however, is that Jesse D. Langdon was an extremely prolific inventor and was granted a total of 125 patents by the U.S. Patent Office. His inventions related to many different subjects. It is amazing that a cowboy should be so gifted and have such a fertile mind to produce so many new inventions. He was a cowboy "Thomas Edison" for certain.

Jesse D. Langdon visited my office many years ago. I found him to be tall, bushy-haired, and tanned from his outdoor life. He did not tell me of his past life, but I learned of it during the course of some litigations. He was interesting to talk to, and it was a pleasure to read about his experiences with the Rough Riders in TRUE WEST.

I am a retired patent attorney, age eighty-nine, and a constant reader of TRUE WEST. I pass the magazines to the Hines Veterans' Hospital near Chicago. The service men eagerly wait for them.—**Jacques J. Filliung, 4858 Gregory Street, Chicago, Illinois 60630.**

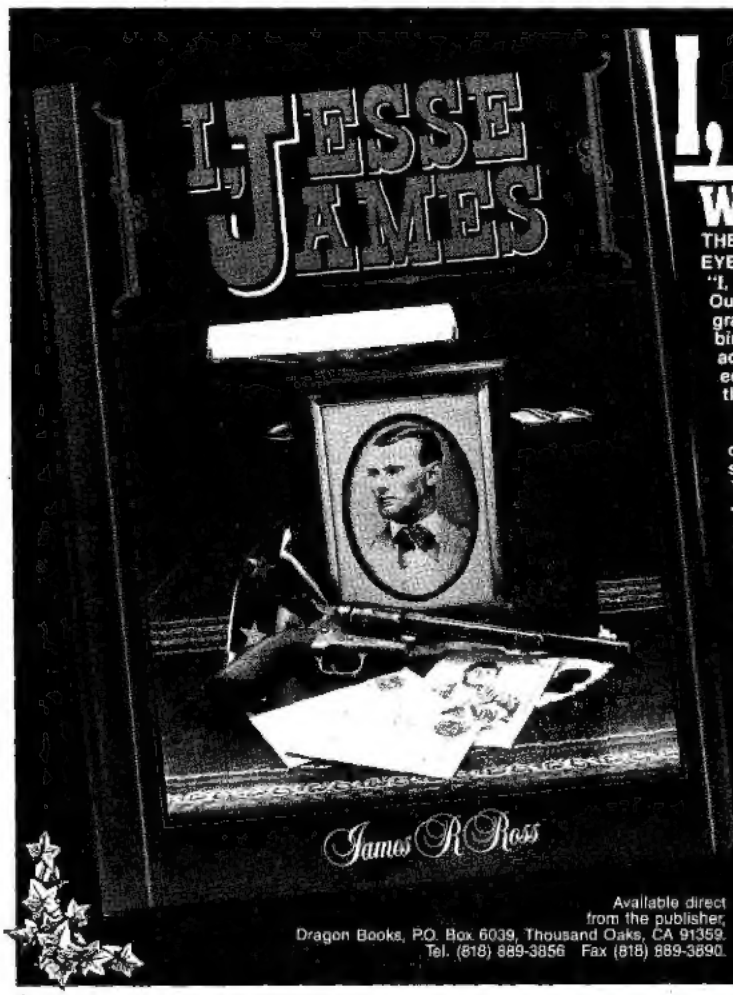
Editor's Note: Thanks for sharing your information about Jesse D. Langdon, Mr. Filliung! He was a remarkable feller all right, but his cowboy background shouldn't be surprising. Most ever' cowboy I've known is always inventing some gadget or another to make do when nothing else is available; they're a resourceful lot by necessity.

And howdy to all the folks at Hines Veterans' Hospital!

West Mineral Recollections

I am ninety percent blind, but I get TRUE WEST on "Talking Books."

Some time ago, you ran a story on West Mineral, Kansas (October 1986



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TRUE WEST). I was born in nearby Scammon, Kansas, in 1903, and we moved west of Scammon shortly thereafter.

I was two or three when West Mineral burned down. On Sunday, my father, mother, and sister went by streetcar to see the effects of the fire. There wasn't much left of the town.

The street car line wasn't in when we first moved out there, so it would have been built when I was quite small. While the track layers were working and the pole holes were open, I climbed down into one of the open holes. Another little boy who lived next door to me kicked dirt in on me, so I climbed out and threw a mule shoe at him. It hit him in the eye.

Our mothers put spider web on the cut and bandaged it really tight. When they took the bandage off a week or so later, he had a crescent-shaped white scar. My mother impressed quite well on the seat of my pants that I wasn't to throw things at folks!—**Truman B. Boren, 402 Hawkins, Route 6, Box 52, Huntsville, Arkansas 72740.**

Oregon Pioneer

"Healing Waters of Ea-Kesh-Pa, Oregon's Legendary Hot Lake," by Cheryl Landes (March 1989 TRUE WEST) was very good. The Hot Lake Sanatorium is about fifteen miles from where I have lived all my ninety-one years.

My grandfather was one of the first men to homestead in the valley in 1865. He freighted from Umatilla into the mines in eastern Oregon and western Idaho.

I remember many of the places mentioned in TRUE WEST; one article even gave me some information I needed for family history. Virgil Earp was married to my great-aunt.

If you can find someone to write up Copperfield, Oregon, it would be good copy. It was one of the toughest mining towns in Oregon.—**Earl Van Blokland, 2310 E. Q-45, LaGrande, Oregon 97850.**

Editor's Note: If you read our companion rag, OLD WEST, you're in luck! The summer 1989 issue, which is available now, includes a story on Copperfield by "Ea-Kesh-Pa" author Cheryl Landes. (And if you don't read OLD WEST, you should be ashamed of yourself.)

Who's Asleep?

John, why is it nobody can ever find any of your publications at a news-

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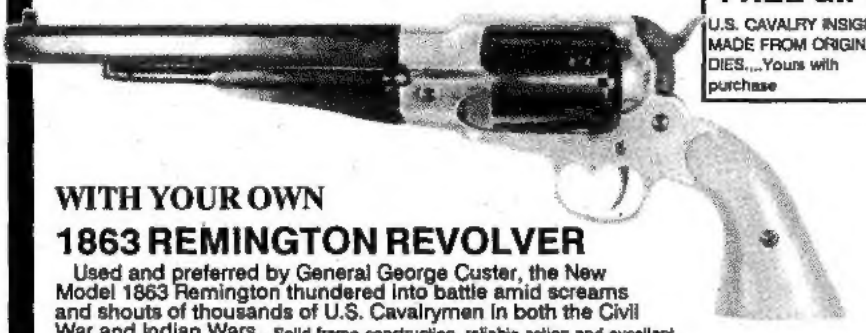

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These bank drafts from the old Miller & Lux outfit were sent by TRUE WESTerner Cliff Scott.

stand? Who's asleep? If you're looking for increased circulation, you'll have it if you will only make it available. There are many big bookstores in this area that delight in handling good reading materials.

I started reading western mags fifty years ago, when you could buy them for fifteen or twenty-five cents. Subscribed now about twenty-five years. Good luck!—**Wayne Pickering, 606 California Street, Huntington Beach, California 92648.**

Editor's Note: A lot of loyal TRUE WEST readers lately have been asking the same question—why can't they find this rag on the newsstand? Ain't nobody asleep! In fact, we lay awake nights worryin' over gettin' more magazines on the newsstand.

When TRUE WEST founder Joe Small left, he took his cryin' towel with him; if I had it here, I could write a "cryin' editorial" like he used to, telling you all about how everybody in the magazine business is scratchin' his haid over newsstand sales. Industry wide, sales are down and so far nobody's found a solution.

We're plugging away at getting more magazines on the stands. In the meantime, you can help us out like in the old days—if you can't find TRUE WEST, ask for it. And if you do find it, move it to the front of the shelf (but in the same general area!) where people can see it.

Thanks for the suggestion Mr. Pickering . . . and a belated happy eighty-first birthday!

Old-Time Bank Drafts

An old man gave me these checks several years ago. He was a bookkeeper for Miller and Lux in San Francisco. I met him in a cafe at Folsom. I don't know when they went out of business, but I do know they had a big spread in southeast Oregon and that they had a big fight with French Pete. I read it in TRUE WEST many years ago.—**Cliff Scott, 1010 NE 85th Avenue, Vancouver, Washington 98664.**

Editor's Note: Thanks, pard! We tried to cash 'em but the guards ran us out of the bank. So I reckon the best thing we can do with these old checks is to let readers have a gander at 'em.

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Musical Depicts Santa

Santa Fe Spirit, a full-scale musical extravaganza depicting the colorful history of Santa Fe, New Mexico, begins its premiere season at the James A. Little Theatre in Santa Fe on June 11, 1989. *Santa Fe Spirit* is produced by Arlene and Mary Markinson, owners of the Helen Hayes Theatre in New York City and producers of numerous Broadway hits, including *Torch Song Trilogy*. Co-produced by ALMA Productions of Albuquerque, *Santa Fe Spirit* promises to be the event of Santa Fe's performance and tourist season.

Drawing upon the wealth of talented artists in the state, *Santa Fe Spirit* is a truly "Made in New Mexico" project. Created through an extraordinary collaboration among writer E.Z. Tony Mares, composer James Galloway, director Jose Garcia, and choreographer Lindsay Mayo, *Santa Fe Spirit* also employs the talents of Holly Haas (set design), Dick Hogle (lighting design), Carmen Acosta (costume design), Wouter Feldbus (technical director/stage manager), and e. harlough flejtuchovich (audio design).

Santa Fe Spirit is a multi-media mosaic of color, breathtaking costumes, elaborate set designs, original music, song and dance that pulsate with the rhythms and art of the Native American, Spanish, and Anglo cultures. The storyline highlights the most dramatic events of Santa Fe's history, from the time of the ancient Anasazi Indians through the Spanish colonial period, the opening of the Santa Fe Trail, to today's prominent and fashionable art colony. It is a musical people of all ages will enjoy, with such unforgettable characters as Kit Carson, Billy the Kid, and former New Mexico Governor, Lew Wallace.

Santa Fe Spirit will run yearly. It begins June 11 and continues through September 10, 1989, with previews starting June 5. There will be four performances weekly: Monday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings at 8:00 p.m. and Sunday at 3:00 p.m. The new James A. Little Theatre, centrally located in Santa Fe (on Cerillos Road near St.

Entire Town is on National Register of Historic Places

Nearly all of the old mining town of Wallace, Idaho, known throughout the Northwest for its colorfully checkered past, has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. Believe it or not, the Register lists 580 buildings in Wallace!

Only a few of the more modern buildings in town are not listed, according to Dr. Merle Wells of the Idaho State Historical Society. "For practical purposes, there really wasn't much exclusion," he said.

"First, the listing was concentrated on a historic 'core' of the business district," he added. "Then, after the rest of it was investigated by more than one set of architectural historians, we identified practically the entire residential area as well."

The town was included on the historic register primarily because it is a permanent mining community. "We have a bunch of ghost towns around or sites of mining camps," Wells said, "but Wallace has been a much more permanent development than is usually found."

Wallace's history as a once-bustling center for prostitution is also noted in the materials submitted to the Register. "It can't be ignored," Wells added, "but it has not been dwelled on unduly." The matter was mentioned because "one of the better known buildings of that kind, which was to be listed, was identified as having historic value other than this use. It was involved in the development of the interstate highway through Wallace in the early days."

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Fe History

Francis Boulevard) provides a dramatic venue for the production, which runs approximately two hours.

Tickets are $15 per person, with special discounts available for groups of ten or more. Tickets can be purchased now by calling (505) 982-6213.

Santa Fe Spirit is a must see for all visitors to Santa Fe. It is a gripping and dynamic artistic experience that explores and celebrates the human spirit, beauty, and grandeur of New Mexico and the Southwest, with a focus on Santa Fe.

Cowboy Artists Exhibit Opens

A selection of masterpieces created by members of the Cowboy Artists of America will be featured as the summer season's principal exhibition in Kerrville, Texas, at the Cowboy Artists of America Museum.

The show, which opened on Saturday, April 22, continues through August 27. The project represents a collection of premiere paintings and sculptures representative of the Cowboy Artists' work in recent years.

The event also marks the sixth anniversary of the museum's opening on April 24, 1983.

The Cowboy Artists of America Museum is located west of I-10 at 1550 Bandera Highway in Kerrville. During the summer months the museum is open seven days a week, 9:00 to 5:00 Monday through Saturday and 1:00 to 5:00 on Sunday. It is closed on Mondays September through May.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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Jesse and Frank James Slept Here?

By CHUCK PARSONS

On a recent visit to Mammoth Cave National Park near Bowling Green, Kentucky, Bill Tully toured the "Jesse James Cave." Tully's question: "Did Jesse James ever spend time in that part of Kentucky, and is it known if he used caves such as this one for hideouts?"

Jesse and some of his men did spend time in that part of Kentucky. In fact they were in the area at least three times. Jesse may have been one of the men who robbed the Russellville Bank on March 10, 1868. On April 29, 1872, Jesse, brother Frank, Cole and Bob Younger, and Jim Cummings robbed the bank at Columbia, Kentucky, and killed cashier R.A.C. Martin. On September 3, 1880, Jesse and Bill Ryan held up a stage near Mammoth. A few days later he was one of the men who robbed a store at Central City. Those locations are all within one hundred miles of each other.

Since there is no documentation that Jesse actually did use caves as hideouts, I would suggest this one is mainly a tourist attraction. A cave is a great place to get out of a rainstorm, but as a hideout from the law it would be far from desirable. The James boys had plenty of friends who would shelter them in times of need.

"Deaf Charley" and the Taylor-Sutton Feud

A long-standing interest in lawman and outlaw history prompted a question from Robert W. Infanger, 7330 Fairview #101, Downers Grove, Illinois 60516. "'Deaf Charley' Hanks, a member of the Cassidy-Curry-Logan Wild Bunch, was said to have been a member of the Sutton clan of the Taylor-Sutton feud in DeWitt County, Texas. Can you place him in DeWitt County during that period?"

Orlando Camillo "Deaf Charley" Hanks was indeed born and, for a while, raised in DeWitt County, Texas, the heartland of the Taylor-Sutton feud. He

O.C. "Deaf Charley" Hanks.

was born in 1861–62, the son of Wyatt and Laura Hanks. Sometime in the 1860s, Wyatt Hanks died. His widow married James W. Cox on August 22, 1872. Cox was second in command of the Sutton forces during the early days of the feud.

Since the feud more or less ended during the mid-1870s, O.C. Hanks was too young actually to participate in it, but he certainly would have been in sympathy with the Suttons.

Hanks did not spend too many years in DeWitt County, for he got in trouble with the law and fled, ending up for a while in New Mexico, where he was charged with a killing. The Pinkerton Detective Agency reward notices described Hanks in 1901 as thirty-eight years old, 156 pounds, five feet ten inches tall, with sandy complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair. He was somewhat deaf and leaned his head slightly to the left.

In 1892 Hanks was arrested for his participation in the holdup of a Northern Pacific train near Big Timber, Montana. He was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He was released April 30, 1901. His years in prison did little to reform him, as he was in on another train robbery within three months.

On July 3, 1901, the Great Northern Railway Express was held up by Wild Bunch riders believed to be Butch Cassidy, Ben Kilpatrick, Kid Curry, Hanks, and Kilpatrick's girl, Laura Bullion. Rewards for their arrests totaling $5,000 were offered. Hanks never was arrested for the crime.

He was killed in a saloon gunfight on April 15, 1902, by San Antonio police officer "Pink" Taylor.

"The Girl in Red"

John H. Doerr, 3540 Thomas Ave., Alton, Illinois 62002, sends the first few lines of a poem he is attempting to locate in its entirety. Hopefully some of my readers can help. It begins:

As night lay down,
On a border town
In the path of a maddening moon,
A rollicking roar came out of the door
Of the Vanity Fair Saloon.
'Twas the kind of a howl
That sickens the soul..

Doerr believes the title of the poem is "The Girl in Red" but is uncertain. It sounds very similar to the poetry of Robert W. Service, who composed such classics as "The Cremation of Sam McGhee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," but I have not found it in his collected works. Can a reader help?

Buffalo Soldiers

"Where can I get information on the Tenth (Black) Cavalry?" asks William

R. Walker, 451 S. Boston, Bolivar, Missouri 65613.

Maj. E.N. Glass wrote *The History of the Tenth Cavalry, 1866–1921*, and William H. Leckie authored *The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West*. An excellent biography of Gen. Benjamin Grierson, who for a time commanded the Tenth Cavalry, is William H. Leckie and Shirley A. Leckie's *Unlikely Warriors: General Benjamin Grierson and His Family*.

The Daniel Boone-Kit Carson Connection

"It seems at one time I read or heard that Kit Carson was supposed to be related to the Daniel Boone family. Is there anything to that rumor?" That question comes from William R. Voit, 1814 Chestnut Street, Baker, Oregon 97814, who has spent considerable time studying the lives of Kit and his contemporaries.

A while back I stated that Carson and Boone were not related, but it turns out that I was wrong. Born December 24, 1890, Christopher Houston "Kit" Carson was one of Lindsey and Rebecca Robinson Carson's six children. Lindsey Carson's first wife, Lucy Bradley, died in 1793. From that union there were five children, including Kit's half-brother, William, who married Daniel Boone's grandniece, Millie Boone. Thus, the two famous frontiersmen were distantly related by marriage.

Black Bart Genealogy

Stagecoach robber "Black Bart" gave his real name as Charles E. Boles. Bernard E. Boles, 1910 Preston Drive, Augusta, Georgia 30906, believes he might be related to the outlaw and requested help in establishing a connection. "A photograph of my grandfather," he writes, "bears a very remarkable resemblance to photographs of Black Bart."

I recommend first consulting a reputable genealogist to determine any relationship. One major problem you'll face is that what finally happened to Black Bart is unknown. Another is that we are not positive his name was Charles E. Boles, as he claimed.

Bad Guys' Birthdays

The birthdates of badmen Cleovaro Chavez, Kit Joy, Milt Yarberry, and John J. Webb were the subject of a question from Ron Nance, 5439 W. 23rd Street, Cicero, Illinois 60650.

Chavez' and Joy's exact birthdates are unknown, but Chavez was born about 1846 and Joy about 1860. Milton Yarberry was born at Walnut Ridge, Randolph County, Arkansas, about 1848. John Joshua Webb was born in Keokuk County, Iowa, on February 13, 1847. Yarberry and Webb were adept at changing roles from lawman to outlaw.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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Killer with Two Faces

By GLENN SHIRLEY

In the pre-dawn hour of an August morning in 1895, three deputy United States marshals tethered their mounts at the head of a brush-choked ravine deep in the Osage Hills. When the sun's first rays broke through the scudding gray clouds, lighting bleakly the abandoned Indian cabin in the somber jack oaks a hundred yards distant, the men moved forward, straining eyes and ears. Nothing stirred, not even the wildlife. But big, mustached, rawboned Frank M. Canton, who led the expedition, well knew the deadly possibilities that awaited them.

Deputy Will Nix crowded behind him impatiently. Canton warned, "Easy, Will. Ben Cravens would kill any or all of us quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson." Nix, lithe-muscled, armed with a Winchester and two revolvers, tried to relax.

The third deputy, Steve Burke, moved up beside Canton as if for protection. "Frank is right," he added. "Cravens is a dead shot. We'd never caught him in the first place without the help of that butcher at Perry." Burke, a lean, mild-appearing youth, also carried an arsenal of weapons, but seemed none too anxious to recapture Oklahoma Territory's wily and most dangerous outlaw.

For three years Cravens had rustled horses and cattle, peddled whiskey, and always escaped. That spring he had stolen twenty head of steers from the Osage Indians. Nix and Burke had traced them to the pen of a butcher in Noble County. The butcher had paid Cravens only half the purchase price, and the officers had arrested the outlaw when he returned to collect the balance.

Cravens had been arraigned before the United States commissioner on August 22 and ordered held for trial in federal court at Guthrie. There being no train to Guthrie until the following day, he had been placed in the Perry jail. The jail was a weak structure, and next morning Nix and Burke were depressed to learn that their prisoner had fled.

A few nights later, Deputy Marshal Canton, who also served as undersheriff in adjoining Pawnee County, sighted a man trying to steal some horses picketed on the ouskirts of Pawnee. Canton threw down on him and commanded his surrender. Instead, the would-be thief spurred his sorrel and virtually set the jack oaks afire widening the distance between himself and the deputy's Winchester. Canton sent lead flying as the fugitive crossed a clearing. The horse staggered but quickly recovered and disappeared in the timber at a stumbling gait. It was found dead the next day on Pepper Creek. Convinced that the man had been Cravens, Canton notified Nix and Burke. Now they had tracked him to this cabin in the Osage.

Canton paused behind a large oak. Again Nix edged up so close that his vest brushed the tree bark. They sighted an Indian pony now, tied in a thatch-roofed shed behind the cabin, verifying what they knew already. It was the little piebald that an Osage farmer had reported missing from his pasture south of Pawhuska.

"Let's rush the place!" Nix whispered, still anxious to get his hands on Cravens.

Canton did not move. He had experienced too many close calls as a peace officer to do anything rash. He was ready to take his man, but in the open, if possible.

They waited almost an hour, but their quarry failed to show. Finally, Canton said, "I'll go in after him."

A patch of brush fingered off to the right toward the window end of the structure. Canton told Nix to cover him. To the left, the brush circled toward the opposite end of the cabin; Burke glided off in that direction without waiting.

Like a ghost, Canton moved forward until directly in front of the structure. Twenty paces would carry him to the door. He saw Nix move into position, caught Burke's signal that he was ready. Then Canton drew his six-shooter and sprang into desperate action. He struck the door hard, smashing it inward and almost off its hinges.

In the center of the room stood the very bow-legged, heavily mustached, droopy-shouldered Ben Cravens, his round, dark eyes glowering from a high forehead under tousled brown hair, and a Colt .45 in his fist. Canton's audacity must have surprised him. Before he could trigger, Canton whacked him across the wrist, sending the revolver skittering into the corner under the bed.

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"Surrender!" yelled the deputy.

Cravens, about to throw up his hands, changed his mind and dived for the gun.

Canton leaped after him, whacking him on the jaw. The outlaw grappled the deputy. As they fell to the floor, Canton's head struck the bedpost.

He sprawled half-conscious from the blow, and Cravens tried to seize his six-shooter. Steve Burke, racing through the doorway, intercepted the outlaw and bodily hauled him off his victim.

Cravens broke loose from Burke and started to leap out the window. But Deputy Nix filled the opening, covering him with his rifle.

The subdued Cravens was taken to Pawhuska in handcuffs and chains. There the officers obtained a buggy, drove him overland to the nearest railway point at Newkirk, put him on the train, and did not take their eyes off him until he was lodged in the Guthrie jail.

Cravens pleaded guilty to cattle theft and received a six-month prison sentence. By the spring of 1896, he was back in the territory and had embarked upon the part of his career that put to shame most of the old-time badmen.

He was born Benjamin Crede Cravens in Orange County, Iowa, in 1864, and raised at Lineville on the Iowa-Missouri border, where his parents had migrated from Kentucky during the Civil War. He spent his boyhood in the field and country schoolhouse, picked up a smattering of Sunday school knowledge, and had a knack for grasping a situation quickly and taking immediate action—a trait that made him a strange outlaw.

He was ornery from the start, a terror to his teachers, and a bully among the pupils. One night, in revenge for a severe licking received for bad behavior, he broke the windows out of the schoolhouse, kicked the stove off its legs, and smeared the desks and walls with soot. He was jailed but escaped and fled to southwestern Missouri, where he hired out as a jockey and rode many successful horse races for a Joplin man. He then joined some roving horse traders, and after taking a course in horse stealing, doing better than he had at horse racing, arrived in the late 1880s at Elgin, Chautauqua County, Kansas.

Elgin was the principal shipping point for the big cattle herds from the Osage and Cherokee nations and the liveliest town on the border. Drovers and drummers who filled the place regularly required the services of three hotels and six saloons. Gunfights were routine. Elgin also attracted the cream of frontier adventurers and thieves.

The cowboy in festal array and more festal humor appealed to young Cravens as a romantic hero. The range surroundings seemed a fulfillment of his boyhood dreams. For a time he worked on ranches in the Osage, becoming thoroughly familiar with the country and making many friends. He soon found cowboy life as grueling as the plow and sickle, however, and he went to work as a driver for J.H. Hartley, Elgin's forwarding agent for freight to Pawhuska.

But there were more exciting ways of making a living, shortcuts to a fortune. The country was thinly populated. Anyone could hide there for months without being discovered. An outlaw could obtain provisions at the scattered settlements, and communications were so poor that it was days, sometimes weeks, before people knew that a crime had been committed. The territory not only was isolated, it was also short on law enforcement and long on livestock. And the Indians loved whiskey.

So Cravens had operated in the Osage, and in the Oto and Pawnee reservations—until Canton, Nix, and Burke landed him in federal prison.

In March 1911, the Missouri prison got a new barber. A few days later he shaved a face that had been familiar to him at Lansing and informed the officials that Charles Maust was Ben Cravens. Maust denied the charge fervently. "He's lyin' like hell! He's never seen me before in his life."

Author's Collection

Lincoln County desperado Buck McGregg, alias "Diamond Dick" Ainsley, companion of Ben Cravens, was shot and killed in a battle with officers near Blackwell, Oklahoma, December 4, 1896.

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For several months after his release he wandered about the old Cherokee Outlet, establishing his reputation as an all-around badman. In June 1896, he got drunk at Enid, threatened to kill a couple of citizens who refused to dance to his pistol music, and woke up in the Garfield County jail with his board paid for thirty days. During the summer, at McLoud, in the Potawatomi-Shawnee country, he shot up the town until his ammunition was exhausted. When the citizens decided to take charge of him, he leaped into the crowd, flailing with bare fists, and dealt out a number of black eyes and bruised heads before being subdued. He tried to escape en route to jail, and one of his captors rapped him with a pistol barrel. The wound healed, leaving a two-inch scar at the tail of his left brow—a mark to be utilized in connecting him with his next exploit.

Leaving McLoud, Cravens started back to his old haunts and habits. At Chandler, he was joined by a hard-boiled youth named Buck McGregg, alias Ainsley, also known as "Diamond Dick," because he had lost a diamond ring and three fingers from his left hand in a gun duel with Lincoln County officers. The pair proceeded to the Cherokee Nation, spent a couple of months in the hay fields and trading horses at Catoosa, then rode into Kansas. In mid-November, they held up the Hooper & Tweedy store at Hewins, Chautauqua County, took $350 in cash and merchandise, stole a fine black horse from a customer, Fred Gaddie, and fled into the Osage. Gaddie noted the scar on Cravens' left brow and the three fingers missing from the hand of the man who had forced him to "stand and deliver." The marshals and Indian police began looking for Cravens and companion, who rode west into the Outlet.

The day after Thanksgiving the pair appeared at Blackwell, obtained some supplies while they studied the location of the bank, then put up in an abandoned one-room shack on the edge of a wooded ravine three miles northeast of town. There was no well on the place, and Cravens went to the house of a neighbor, Bert Benjamin, for some drinking water. In his conversation with the farmer, he asked several questions about the bank's interior.

Benjamin pretended to treat the inquiries casually. But the next day, after Cravens and McGregg had departed, he hurried into Blackwell and reported the matter to Deputy Marshal Alfred Lund. His description of the black horse that Cravens was riding convinced the deputy they were the pair sought for the Hewins robbery.

"Go home, Bert," Lund said. "Keep your eyes open. Let me know if they come back."

Author's Collection

Deputy U.S. Marshal Frank M. Canton (in later years), Ben Cravens' nemesis.

The pair returned at midnight, December 3. At 3:00 a.m., December 4, Lund and Deputy Sheriff Josh Cox, with possemen Bill Sherr, John Hunter, Jay McClain, and Richard Clarke, followed the farmer to the shack where the fugitives were sleeping.

THE FARMER'S DOG, which the outlaws had been feeding, was at the shack, making it impossible to approach without alarming the occupants. So the posse separated. Cox, Hunter, and Clarke took positions to cover the rear of the shack and the small barn where the outlaws had stabled their horses. Lund, Benjamin, Sherr, and McClain moved into some brush across the ravine where they could watch the front door and window. McClain decided to return to Blackwell for more help, and Sherr went with him. The others waited until sunup.

McGregg came out of the shack, scanned the ravine, then leaned his Winchester against the door casing and began washing his hands. The posse made no sound or move. Lund had impressed upon them the importance of taking the pair together. A few minutes later, Cravens emerged and leaned his Winchester beside McGregg's. Lund stood up and shouted, "You're surrounded—throw up your hands!"

That was the last thing the outlaws intended to do. Both grabbed their rifles. Cravens dashed for the corner of the shack, McGregg for the ravine. Benjamin fired both barrels of his shotgun without effect and headed for home. Lund's rifle cracked, and Cravens' left arm dropped, useless, the shoulder broken. For the first time in his career he had been seriously wounded. And the worst was yet to come.

McGregg reached the brush across the ravine and edged toward Lund. Within sixty feet of the marshal, he raised his rifle to fire. Quick as a flash, Lund shot him in the chest. McGregg fell dead, the arteries to his heart severed by the bullet which, after passing through his body, killed a cow standing fifty yards up the ravine.

At the same moment, Cravens ran into Cox and his men. Clarke's shotgun blasted, and Cravens dropped with a load of buckshot in his side. He tried to escape by crawling through some tall grass. With only an outline for a target, Lund fired his third shot. The slug tore the earth from under Cravens' nose. The outlaw had enough. He tossed out his Winchester and surrendered.

The officers hauled McGregg's body and Cravens to Blackwell. Cravens refused to talk about his dead comrade except to call him "Dick," and the officers believed they had killed Dan "Dynamite Dick" Clifton, the notorious train and bank robber who had escaped from the Guthrie federal jail with the territory's king of outlaws, Bill Doolin, in July. Doolin had been slain by a marshal's posse at Lawson in August. Clifton was still at large, and Lund and Cox determined to collect rewards totaling $3,500.

A telegram brought Frank Canton to Blackwell on the first train. Canton had arrested Dynamite Dick in Texas the spring of 1896 and lodged him in the federal jail for trial. When he looked at the body, he said, "I do not know this man, but he is not Dan Clifton."

Canton then entered the room where

Cravens was lying in bed. Cravens glanced up, recognized him at once, and snarled, "Damn you—what do you want?"

Canton said, "The name of the dead man."

"Go to hell," Cravens replied. Then he began to cough and bleed at the mouth.

Canton gave him a drink of water and asked if there were anything he could do for him.

"No," Cravens growled. "I guess they've got me this time."

To the surprise of everyone, Cravens survived his wounds. The bullet was removed from his shoulder, leaving a second scar at the base of his neck. Greatly relieved of his suffering, he became more talkative and revealed his comrade's identity. McGregg's mother came from Lincoln County with two deputy sheriffs, claimed the body and took it home. The real Dynamite Dick was slain by deputy marshals in November 1897, in the Creek Nation. Cravens was released to Kansas authorities, tried, and convicted for the Hewins robbery, and sentenced to twenty years in the state prison at Lansing.

From the moment he entered prison, Cravens began planning an escape. He chose as his cohorts two life termers—E.F. Estelle, who had killed a man in Marshall County during a jail break, and Sam Smith, who had slain his victim during a train wrecking incident in Butler County. Assigned to the coal mines, Cravens found time and the opportunity to whittle a wooden revolver with a knife smuggled from the prison kitchen. He covered it with tinfoil from tobacco packs and painted it with coal soot.

ON THE MORNING of November 16, 1900, the trio fell into the usual lockstep procession and were taken several hundred feet underground. After the prisoners had been distributed in the various tunnels, Cravens, Estelle, and Smith gradually worked their way back to the "bottom officer," Abe Haucke, who guarded the hoisting shaft. Cravens suddenly covered Haucke with the imitation revolver and ordered, "Reach, by God, or you're dead!"

In the dim light, the wooden pistol looked real enough. Haucke dropped his rifle and put up his hands. Estelle relieved him of his six-shooter.

Cravens snatched up the rifle, and said, "Now tell them bastards above to hoist!"

As the cage started upward, they slugged Haucke and dumped him into the shaft. Drawn from the earth's blackness, blinded momentarily by the sunlight, they stood ready to fight. In that brief moment, the outside guards realized they were prisoners bent on escape.

Cravens leaped from the cage, levering and triggering the rifle, and the guards scattered like quail. Estelle ran in the opposite direction, firing the revolver. Smith rotated slowly, confused as to which cohort to follow. His indecision cost him his life. Deputy Warden Thompson, attracted by the firing, drew his revolver and shot Smith in the head. Estelle escaped into a nearby cornfield; Cravens reached the bottoms of the Missouri River unscathed.

Author's Collection

Horses and weapons used by Cravens and McGregg at Blackwell, Oklahoma, December 4, 1896. The onlookers are unidentified.

He never saw Estelle again. Estelle went to Illinois, became involved in a train robbery near Quincy, and fled to Tennessee. He was captured at Memphis, returned to Illinois, and given another life sentence.

Cravens eluded the posses combing the Missouri bottoms, stole a horse, and was soon back in the Osage Nation. His old nemesis, Canton, had gone to Alaska with the gold rush. Other man hunters had taken Canton's place, but none seemed able to collect the $2,000 price now on the outlaw's head. Cravens hid out with his friends; taking him unawares was an impossibility. A story was told that one man, particularly vigilant in assisting officers in the daytime, shared Cravens' bed at night.

ONLY A STEP away, in the Oto country, Cravens found a new attraction—the pretty daughter of a farmer near the Noble County settlement of Red Rock. He worked for the family during the fall and winter, gathering corn. The girl agreed to marriage in the spring, and it was to secure funds for their wedding and honeymoon that he planned his next foray.

In Lansing, where Oklahoma farmed out its territorial prisoners, Cravens had made the acquaintance of a young horse thief from Kingfisher County named Bert Welty. Welty had been pardoned through the efforts of influential friends of his widowed mother. Cravens appeared at the Welty home, armed with a Winchester and two revolvers. He gave Mrs. Welty the name of Wilson.

Mrs. Welty became suspicious and upbraided Bert for having him around. Despite her objections, Cravens stayed several days, helping Bert gather wood. One morning they left the house and never returned.

Cravens dressed in a dilapidated hat and overalls; Welty donned a calico Mother Hubbard and sunbonnet. With an old plow and their saddle horses tied behind a wagon, they drove across the country, posing as homesteaders. Shortly after dark on March 18, 1901, they reached the B.F. Swartz & Company store and post office at Red Rock. Swartz, a trader among the Oto Indians, was known to keep on hand as much as $3,000.

A storm was coming up fast in the west. Leaving their outfit in the timber near the Santa Fe tracks, they walked quickly to the store. Cravens carried his Winchester. Under his Mother Hubbard, Welty clutched one of Cravens' revolvers.

Several customers were in the place. Charley Roberts, a clerk, saw them enter. Thinking they were some farm couple seeking refuge from the storm, he paid no further attention until Cravens commanded, "Everybody put up their hands!"

While Cravens lined up the customers and went through their pockets, Welty forced Roberts to open the safe and stuff $1,200 into a sack. The pair might have departed without incident had not Welty desired a chew. While he was searching back of the counter for a plug

Author's Collection

Al Jennings, pardoned from prison to resume his law practice, defended Cravens at his murder trial in 1912

of tobacco, Alvin Bateman, the postmaster, entered the back door. Cravens yelled, "Hands up!"

Instead, Bateman reached for his gun. Welty whirled, firing his revolver as fast as he could pull the trigger, and Cravens opened with his rifle. Seven shots struck the postmaster in the hip, leg, and chest, killing him instantly. The robbers fled into a raging storm.

Lightning zig-zagged, thunder rolled, rain fell in torrents. Cravens and Welty had difficulty reaching their outfit. As they sped away in panic, Welty drove into a gully and broke down the wagon. Cravens, cursing, leaped from the vehicle.

Welty struggled from the wreckage with the sack of loot. Having no further use for him, Cravens raised his Winchester and fired point-blank at his face. In a flash of lightning, he saw Welty in the mud, blood running from his cheek and neck, and thought he had shot off Welty's head. He took the sack of money, stripped the team of their harness and turned them loose, mounted his saddle horse, and leading the other, splashed off into the night.

The storm saved Welty's life. The shot had only torn the side of his face. He lay in the rain nearly an hour before regaining consciousness, then made his way ten miles to the home of a farmer named Heatherington on Black Bear Creek. Sheriff George Foster and a posse from Noble County found him there and placed him under arrest.

MEANWHILE, Deputy Sheriff Jean Branson picked up Cravens' trail. At daybreak, he reached the home of Isom Cunningham, three miles northwest of Pawnee. The two horses stood in Cunningham's corral.

Branson hurried to Pawnee and enlisted the aid of Sheriff John Crismon and two deputies, Tom Johnson and Joe Weariman. They surrounded the Cunningham place, called the farmer outside, and asked if Cravens were in the house.

"Nobody there 'cept my wife," Cunningham replied.

"Then," Crismon said, "you won't mind if we take a look."

Deputy Johnson dismounted and walked to the door. Immediately the panel cracked open and a rifle muzzle spewed lead. Johnson fell with a bullet through his left groin. A second shot struck Sheriff Crismon in the wrist and splintered his gun stock. Then Cravens leaped from the doorway and dashed across a plowed field. Branson and Weariman opened fire. Cravens, out of range, escaped in the bottoms of the Black Bear.

Deputy Johnson died at Pawnee that night. The price on Cravens' head increased to $2,500, and word spread throughout the territory: "Dead or alive—bring in Cravens."

Noble County officers watched the home of his sweetheart; federal marshals checked the mails. Toward the end of March, Cravens wrote his sweetheart from Catoosa under the name Wilson, asking her to tell him all she had heard about plans for his capture. Postal authorities permitted the letter to reach her, and they forwarded her reply to him. At Catoosa a trap was set. When Cravens called for his mail, a former employer would step up and shake his hand, then hold him until he could be overpowered by officers. But Cravens' instinct was sharp. He sensed the rancher's grip, jerked free, leaped out the rear door, and fled along the creek skirting the town.

In November 1901, Bert Welty was tried in the United States Court for the

murder of Alvin Bateman on an Indian reservation and sentenced to life imprisonment at Leavenworth.

There was no further trace of Cravens, who became the most talked-of outlaw in the Southwest. Nearly every holdup or murder where the criminal went unidentified was charged to him; the rewards increased to $10,000.

Stories were told of his having traveled in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico as a salesman, faultlessly attired, a suave conversationalist, carrying an important commercial line. Other reports had him established in a southern city, an important businessman and respected citizen. In 1904 he supposedly was basking in Old Mexico, married to a wealthy mine owner's daughter, who already had borne him a son and heir.

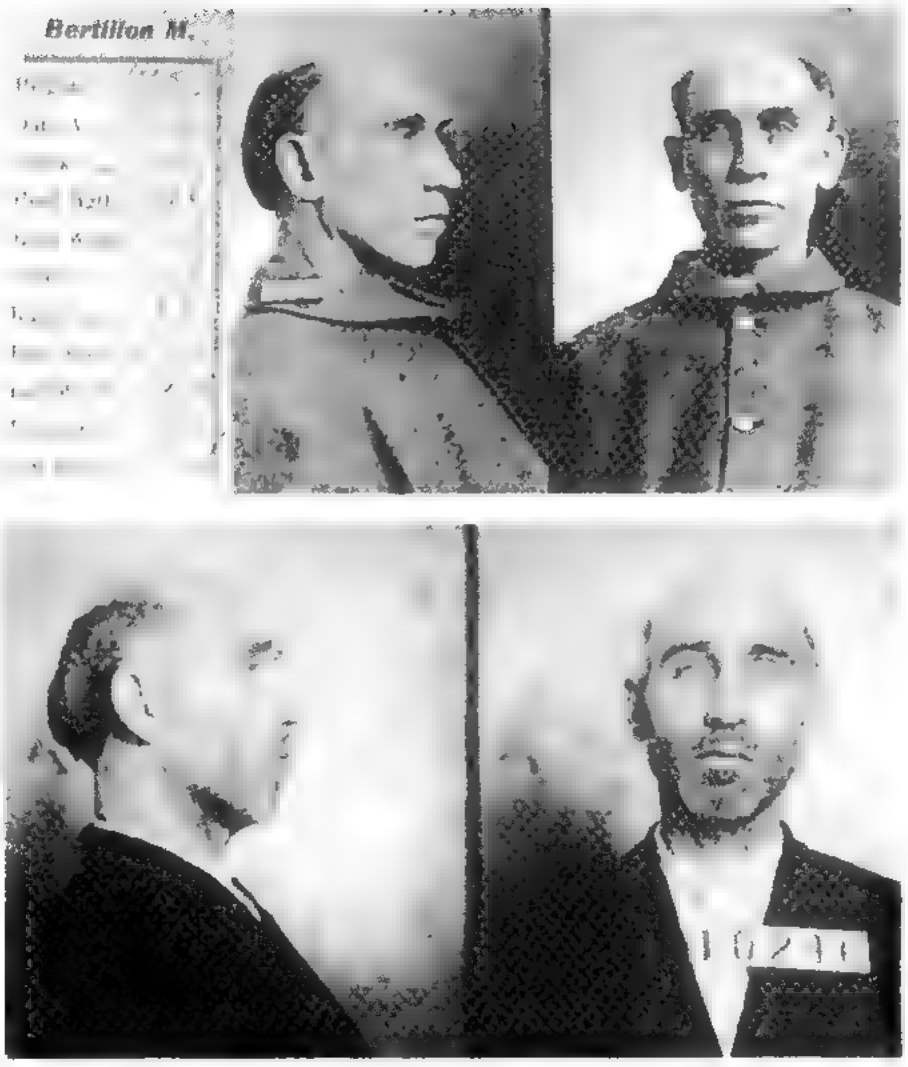
But those who knew Cravens best placed no credence in such tales. He had neither the education nor the acumen for a successful business career. Even his escape from Lansing they ascribed to foolhardiness.

The years passed, and the outlaw was almost forgotten. Then, up in Missouri, a man named Charles Maust was arrested for livestock theft and sentenced to four years in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City. Maust had appeared from nowhere in the small town of Oregon in 1902. For six years he had worked as a farm laborer in the vicinity, married a local girl, and was considered a respectable citizen until caught stealing hogs. His wife put down her trip to the altar as a piece of bad luck and went to live with relatives in South Dakota. Maust dreamed of the day he would be released to rejoin her.

In March 1911, the Missouri prison got a new barber. A few days later he shaved a face that had been familiar to him while barbering at Lansing and informed the officials that Charles Maust was Ben Cravens.

Maust denied the charge fervently. "He's lyin' like hell! He's never seen me before in his life. I don't know any Cravens. I'm Maust, from Oregon."

J.H. Livingston, superintendent of the Bertillon system at the penitentiary, obtained Cravens' record from Lansing. The anthropometrical signalment was the same. Old and new photographs were put together. The high, receding forehead, positively hairless now, was scarred at the left brow. Alfred Lund visited Jefferson City and identified Cravens by the scars from his wounds received at Blackwell. Guard Abe Haucke said he was the convict who had escaped from Lansing in 1900. He was returned to Oklahoma.



Both Author's Collection

Top: Photograph of Ben Cravens, Number 7855, Kansas state penitentiary at Lansing, with Bertillon measurements which helped identify him in the Jefferson City, Missouri, prison. Bottom: Ben Cravens, Number 10246, after entering Jefferson City, Missouri, state penitentiary as Charles Maust.

In January 1912, Cravens went on trial in the United States District Court at Guthrie for the murder of Postmaster Bateman. Al Jennings, the former train robber who had been pardoned by President Theodore Roosevelt and resumed his law practice, defended him.

It was one of the most sensational, hard-fought cases in state history. The jury was qualified for the death penalty. The government presented the greatest array of witnesses ever seen in a federal court. One by one they identified the defendant as the notorious outlaw they had known. Mrs. Welty told how he had lured away her son; then she broke down and cried. Bert Welty, brought from Leavenworth to testify, pointed to Maust as the man who had left him for dead that stormy night so long ago.

Cravens remained cool and unmoved to the last. Only when told that the jury had reached a verdict did he display his real savagery: "I don't give a damn! It's hanging, ain't it?"

As the clerk finished reading the verdict of guilty and the recommendation of life imprisonment, Cravens remarked, "That's better."

Asked by Judge John H. Cotteral if there were any reason why the court should not pronounce sentence, he replied, "I'm not guilty, and I'm not Ben Cravens."

On January 30, he was booked in at Leavenworth as Number 19864. Sullen, he refused to talk except to ask the location of Welty's cell. He feared that Welty might kill him in prison.

But Cravens, alias Charles Maust, lived to a ripe old age. Due to ill health, he was transferred on October 17, 1936, to the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners at Springfield, Missouri. He died on September 19, 1950, denying his identity to the end.

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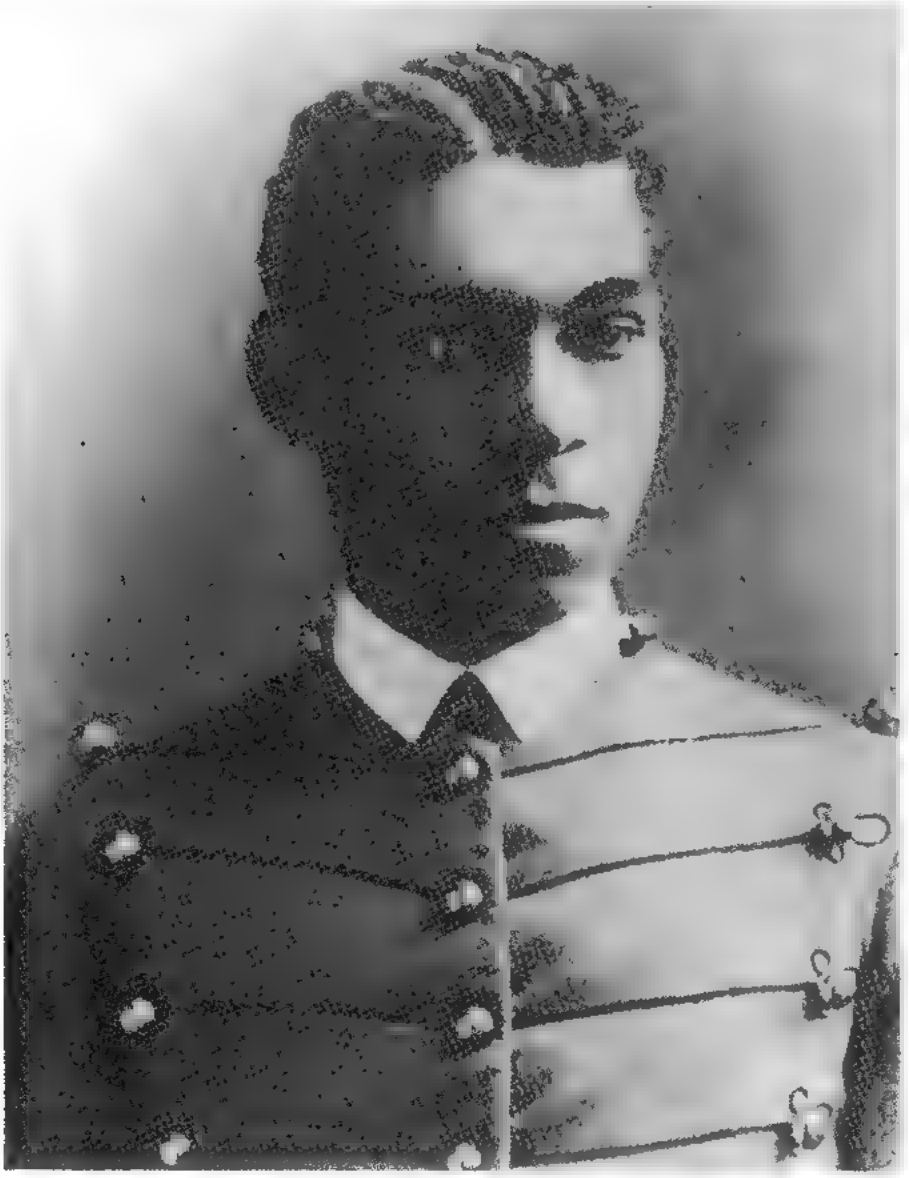


U.S. Military Academy Archives

Lieutenant Henry Flipper, shown here in a West Point photo, was not the first black man to enter the academy, but he was the first to graduate. He finished fiftieth in a class of seventy-six and entered a world which was not prepared for black army officers.

The Court-Martial of Lt. Henry Flipper

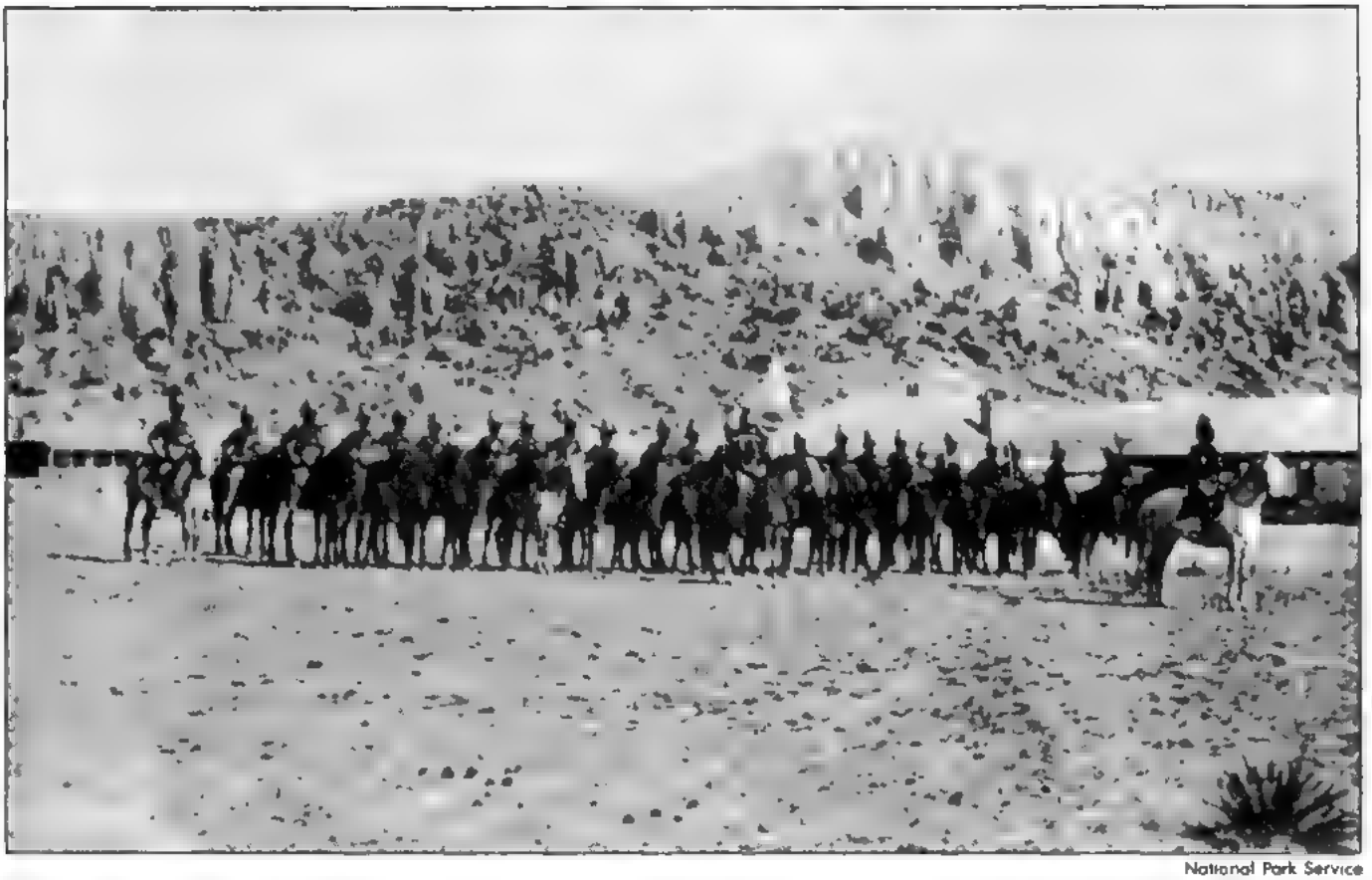
By CHARLES M. ROBINSON III

On September 17, 1881, a young officer faced court-martial on charges of embezzlement and "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." That, in itself, was nothing unusual. Courts-martial were common in those days, since there were few alternative forms of judgment in the Army. Many an officer stood before the bar on various charges, often far more serious than those in this case. What made this trial unusual was that the officer in question, 2nd Lt. Henry Ossian Flipper, Tenth United States Cavalry, was black. A West Point graduate with an excelleht combat record, he was, in fact, the only black officer in the Army.

Henry Flipper was born a slave in Thomasville, Georgia, on March 21, 1856. He and his mother, Isabella, belonged to the Rev. Reuben H. Lucky, a Methodist minister. His father, Festus Flipper, was the property of Ephraim G. Ponder, "a successful and influential slave dealer." Despite his business, Ponder was a kindly master, who allowed his slaves to earn money on their own from their various trades. In his autobiography, Henry recalled that the slaves "acquired and accumulated wealth, lived happily, and needed but two other things to make them like other human beings, viz. absolute freedom and education." Still, the Ponder arrangement eventually put Festus Flipper in a position to purchase his wife and son from Lucky.

THE PONDER slaves faced a unique situation. They were prosperous, with property of their own. Adding to the slaves' independence, Ponder and his wife were involved in a lengthy domestic dispute and paid little attention to the activities of their human property. One slave used the time to acquire a basic education and received permission to open a night school for the others. So when he was eight years old, Henry Flipper began learning to read, write, and cipher.

Somehow, the Flippers survived the wartime devastation of Georgia with their finances intact, and compared to many of their white neighbors, entered emancipation well off. By now, they had two sons, Henry and Joseph, and a former Confederate officer was hired to tutor them. In March 1866, they began attending a series of schools under the American Missionary Alliance and three years later entered Atlanta University. Henry was a freshman in the university's collegiate department when U.S. Rep. J.C. Freeman recommended him for an appointment to West Point.



National Park Service

Black cavalry line up in full dress on the parade ground at Fort Davis. Although they were excellent combat troops, they were detested by much of the Army and were generally given horses rejected for service elsewhere.

Flipper's autobiography indicates he ran into very little prejudice until he entered the service academy. He and Joseph W. Smith were the first black cadets. A newspaper in his hometown in Thomasville remarked on it, saying, "It is an astonishing fact that, socially, the boys from the Northern and Western States will have nothing to do with these colored brothers, Flipper and Smith are socially ostracized. Not even the Massachusetts boys will associate with them."

Flipper himself recalled, "When I was a plebe those of us who lived on the same floor of barracks visited each other, borrowed books, heard each other recite when preparing for examination, and were really on most intimate terms. But alas! in less than a month they learned to call me 'nigger,' and ceased altogether to visit me."

Smith rebelled against the system and ultimately was expelled. Flipper faded quietly into the background, minded his own business, paid attention to his studies, and in 1877, became the first black graduate from the Point. Reaction was mixed. The Atlanta *Constitution* called him a fraud, to which the Atlanta *Republican* responded, "Would to heaven we had ten thousand such frauds in Georgia for the good of the State and progress in general!" Overall, however, the southern press was hostile, while the northern press was either patronizing or cautious. Despite emancipation and social gains, it was a matter of color versus the system. The Army had used black regiments for ten years, but the blacks themselves were restricted to enlisted and non-commissioned ranks. Officers were expected to be white, the same as in any other regiment. Black troops were not popular, and many officers turned down command of those regiments. The fact was, no one seemed sure what to do with a black officer.

FLIPPER'S LUCK held. He was assigned to the black Tenth Cavalry under Col. Benjamin Grierson, a humane man who was proud of his troops. They were outstanding combat soldiers, and he was fiercely protective of them. When Flipper joined the regiment, it was stationed at Fort Sill in Indian Territory. Working on his memoirs there, he noted, "From the moment I reached Sill I haven't experienced anything but happiness. I am not isolated. I am not ostracized by a single officer."

His company commander, Capt. Nicholas Nolan reciprocated, calling him, "all that West Point turns out." Remarking that he had been criticized for receiving Flipper in his home, he said, "This, evidently, is done on account of his color, and no allowance is made for his grand attainments."

In fact, Flipper's race created an insurmountable barrier against a normal military life. He was excluded from the civilian courtesies which white officers took for granted. But his real problems began when he developed a friendship with Miss Mollie Dwyer, Nolan's sister-in-law, who became his riding companion. While Nolan himself apparently thought little of it, the relationship created tensions with the other officers, particularly with Lt. Charles Nordstrom, whom Flipper described as an "uneducated brute." As time passed, he came to regard many of the others as "hyenas."

In 1880, the Tenth was sent to Fort Davis, an isolated post in West Texas. Flipper distinguished himself in action against Victorio's Apaches, and Grierson decided he deserved more responsibility. He was given several commissary positions involving the han-

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dling of large amounts of cash and the accompanying paperwork.

In 1881, Headquarters, Tenth Cavalry, was moved. Flipper's unit remained behind. Soon, the post commander at Fort Davis, Col. N.B. McLaughlin, was also transferred and replaced by Col. William R. Shafter. He brought several of his own staff, including 1st Lt. Louis Wilhelmi, his Prussian adjutant.

Although Shafter had commanded black troops before, he was barely able to conceal his racism. He was a ruthless disciplinarian in any case, and his prejudices only aggravated the situation. He was an excellent field commander, but had little interest in administration. As adjutant, Wilhelmi was the second most powerful man on post. He had known Flipper at West Point, where he had been forced to resign before graduating. Wilhelmi knew how to play Shafter's weaknesses, and in him Nordstrom found an ally.

Almost immediately upon arrival, Shafter informed Flipper that he intended to relieve him of many of his commissary duties. Flipper became lax in handling cash and with his record keeping, since he expected to be relieved at any time. After five months, however, no action had been taken. Then, on May 2, orders came from departmental headquarters in San Antonio to suspend cash transmittals during the absence of the chief commissary. Flipper mistakenly assumed this meant he should no longer send weekly statements either.

IN AUGUST, business resumed as usual, and San Antonio requested transfer of all funds for the current fiscal year. It was also noted that no weekly statements had been received from Fort Davis. Going over his paperwork, Flipper had found a shortage of $1,440.43. He was not alarmed. He wrote a check on the San Antonio National Bank, which he thought he could cover with his personal funds while he determined what was wrong. But he failed to raise the necessary money, and he held up the check.

On August 10, Shafter was notified that no funds had been received from Fort Davis. He summoned Flipper, who was unable to explain the problem. Shafter then ordered him to turn over all funds to Lt. F.H. Edmunds, who would relieve him of commissary duties. Flipper's quarters were searched. Over $2,000 in checks were found scattered on his desk. Weekly statements for three months were found in his trunk, along with some personal belongings of his servant, Lucy Smith. Wilhelmi insisted that some $2,070 was unaccounted for and ordered Flipper confined to quarters under armed guard. All his valuables, including his class ring, were confiscated.

Lucy Smith was strip-searched and found to have $2,800 in checks on her person. She was confined to the Presidio County jail while Flipper was thrown into a cramped cell in the post guardhouse. This treatment of an officer who was not yet up on charges was too much for the departmental command. Shafter was ordered to make other arrangements. Flipper was allowed to return to quarters, where he remained under house arrest.

The deficit was determined to total $3,797.77. A public fund drive held in the vicinity of Fort Davis raised $1,700 in a single day. By the time Flipper was released from the guardhouse, the entire deficit was covered.

Meanwhile, the deficit was determined to total $3,797.77. A public fund drive held in the vicinity of Fort Davis raised $1,700 in a single day. Shafter himself gave $100, although he later insisted it was a loan and kept Flipper's watch as collateral. By the time Flipper was released from the guardhouse, the entire deficit was covered.

Despite the restitution, a court-martial board convened on September 17. Of the ten-member board, three officers were members of Shafter's First Infantry, and therefore directly under his command. Capt. John W. Clous, acting judge advocate of the department, was sent from San Antonio to serve as judge advocate. Two days later, Flipper received a delay until November 1 to give him time to raise funds for his defense and obtain witnesses. The fundraising effort was futile. Leading blacks in the eastern cities failed to provide the necessary cash. Civilian lawyers wanted at least $1,000. As Flipper prepared to fight on alone, a letter came from Capt. Merritt Barber, Sixteenth Infantry, offering to serve as counsel. Under Army regulations, Barber was not allowed to charge for his services, as he was fully aware. He arrived at Fort Davis, moved into Flipper's quarters, established a solid friendship, and went to work.

On November 4, 1881, 2nd Lt. Henry Flipper was arraigned on charges of embezzling $3,797.77, and "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The second charge had five specifications, including three of making false statements, and one each of making personal use of public funds and of fraud. He pleaded not guilty to each charge and specification.

From the outset, Clous established that Flipper was careless with his financial affairs. But he could not prove that he had attempted to steal or deliberately mishandle any military funds.

Colonel Shafter was the first witness and detailed the events leading to Flipper's arrest and confinement to the guardhouse. Discussing the bad check, he said, "Flipper admitted the check was spurious, and said: 'Yes, I had to deceive in some way, and I took that way to do it.' I told him not to incriminate himself, but I would like to know where the money was. He did not know unless stolen from him. He would not charge anybody. He said he thought he could make good the shortage if permitted to see friends in town. I allowed them to visit him, and afterwards they came to me. I consented to release him from the guardhouse if the money was paid, which was done subsequently."

UNDER cross-examination from Barber, Shafter admitted Flipper had always been honest in his commissary transactions up until that point. Cross-examination continued until the next day. The San Antonio Express correspondent reported that Barber was "attempting to show that the accused has been persecuted by Colonel Shafter in ordering every article of value in his possession, as well as his servant, to be taken, which resulted in taking not only money but articles of jewelry, etc., confining him in the guard house without sufficient bedding, and extra vigilance to prevent any person from communicating with him, save on his permission, and declining most of the applications."

Shafter denied ordering seizure of Flipper's jewelry, but admitted that he had ordered everything of value impounded. He also acknowledged that Flipper had been held incommunicado except with his permission. As the testimony progressed, Shafter's memory proved faulty, and under Barber's questioning, he began to contradict himself. He acknowledged Flipper was a good officer, and admitted that his assumption of guilt was based

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Colonel Benjamin Grierson of the Tenth Cavalry, Flipper's regimental commander, was fiercely protective of his black troops. He blamed Flipper's problems on sloppy administration by the command at Fort Davis

on seeing Flipper in town one day with horse and saddlebags, "possibly ready for a journey." Barber shot down that assertion with testimony from Flipper's orderly, which established that he kept the bags attached to his saddle at all times.

The colonel was on the stand for several days, and was becoming a very bad witness for the prosecution. It was now obvious that much of the problem lay with his own sloppy administration, his prejudices, and his impulsiveness. Although he testified that he had personally counted the commissary funds and that his signature was on every weekly statement, those for June showed no evidence of it. He also said he had no idea of what had happened to the money. Likewise, he refused to identify the papers taken from Flipper's quarters, since he did not remember seeing them before. "I have only the word of the officer who took them that they are the articles that came from Flipper's quarters," Shafter said. After many more memory lapses, he said he might not recall minor events, but was certain of important items in the overall command of Fort Davis.

As the testimony tended more and more to exonerate Flipper, objections began. Barber was allowed to continue along the line of Shafter's bigotry. However, when he offered to prove that Flipper declined an offer by the enlisted men to free him by force, Clous objected on the grounds that it was improper evidence to the case at hand. The court sustained him. The arguments between Clous and Barber grew as the trial dragged on.

On November 11, departmental commissary officers began testifying. Gen. L.P. Small, the officer whose absence from San Antonio had initially thrown off Flipper's bookkeeping, outlined the correspondence and telegrams which drew Shafter's attention to the problem. He said he had received all funds for the previous fiscal year, and added he had always found Flipper "prompt and efficient in the performance of his duties until the present difficulty." More damaging was the statement of the cashier of the San Antonio National Bank, who said Flipper had a total of seventy-four dollars in his account when he planned to present the check.

Wilhelmi told the court that Flipper had voiced no objections to the search of his quarters. Wilhelmi and Edmunds were detailed to the job, and Shafter assured Flipper they "would apologize if doing an injustice." During the search, Wilhelmi noticed "three persons, one a Mexican, were in the back room" for no valid reason that he could see. Flipper spoke to them in Spanish, which the other officers did not understand. The search team found government checks and papers were scattered about the room "in such an unsatisfactory condition that Flipper was put under arrest and taken to the guard house. They took possession of all valuables and found a personal check for a commissary bill on Flipper."

ACCORDING TO Wilhelmi, Flipper indicated he had taken money to cover amounts due him for stores. "You know how the colonel is," Wilhelmi quoted him as saying. "He is an erratic man. I told him I had forwarded the money, and so reported to the chief commissary." He also told Wilhelmi his publisher owed him $2,500 for his autobiography, so that he could have made up the difference had the records not been called in so soon.

Wilhelmi said he and Flipper had been friendly toward each other in their official duties, but did not see each other socially. However, as his testimony progressed, it became obvious that he resented Flipper and that his own inventory of the commissary records was inadequate. Finally, Barber was able to establish that Wilhelmi had held a grudge ever since he had failed at West Point while Flipper succeeded.

A parade of witnesses from the surrounding area testified to Flipper's good character, as did officers and men of the garrison. His accounting was not good, but he was honest in his dealings and did not live extravagantly. Explaining how her belongings were mixed with his, Lucy Smith said she shared quarters with one of the laundresses and had no way to secure her effects. Flipper gave

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Author's Photo

Ruins of the guardhouse at Fort Davis. Although no charges had been filed against him, Flipper was confined in a cramped cell such as these until the departmental commander ordered his release.

her permission to use his trunk but had cautioned her to make sure it was always locked.

The biggest boost to the defense came in a letter from Colonel Grierson, who blamed the problem on careless command at Fort Davis. Although Shafter commanded the post, Grierson was still colonel of the Tenth. Flipper was his man. Grierson praised him both as an officer and an individual, and anticipated the matter would soon be cleared up so he could return to duty. Clous agreed to accept the letter as evidence of Flipper's character, but objected to Grierson's conclusions about the situation. The letter was admitted as a testimonial.

Speaking on his own behalf, Flipper told the court, "I declare to you in the most solemn positive manner possible, that I am perfectly innocent in every manner, shape or form; that I have never, by myself nor by another, appropriated, converted or applied to my own use a single dollar or penny of government money, or permitted it to be done or authorized any meddling with it whatever. Of the crime, I am not guilty."

He thought the discrepancy was only a few hundred dollars, which he could ultimately cover. He did not realize the enormity of the deficit until he prepared to turn everything over to Edmunds. Because of Shafter's volatile personality, he said, he had decided to keep quiet about it and try to work it out himself.

FLIPPER also said that warnings he had received and ignored throughout the preceding months now made sense. He had been told that Shafter would seize any opportunity to embarrass him. Civilians had cautioned him of a plot among other officers to force him out of the service. At one point, Wilhelmi had bragged during a scouting party that he had found a way "to get rid of the nigger." Even though he had seen Wilhelmi and others prowling around his quarters late at night, he had thought nothing of it and had not exercised caution.

In his closing argument Barber said the judge advocate had failed to prove any crime. Likewise Clous could not establish that the government had ultimately lost any money. He also pointed out that a post commander was expected to supervise government funds closely as part of his regular administrative duties. As long as there was a thoroughly businesslike officer such as Grierson or McLaughlin in command, Flipper had experienced no problems. But with Shafter's haphazard administration, he had found himself overwhelmed by his responsibilities.

Nor did Barber consider it odd that Flipper would try to conceal his problem. Being black, he was automatically under a cloud, which was aggravated by Shafter's temperament. He pointed out that Flipper had always competed alone in a white man's world. "He has had no one to turn to for counsel or sympathy. Is it strange then that when he found

himself confronted with a mystery he could not solve, he should hide it in his own breast and endeavor to work out the problem alone as he had been compelled to do all the other problems of his life?" Barber asked.

He contended that Flipper had already been "tried and punished" by Shafter in his initial humiliation and confinement. Thus, he was entitled to some leniency by the court. "The question is before you whether it is possible for a colored man to secure and hold a position as an officer of the army," Barber said.

The court agreed that there was no evidence of theft, and threw out the charge of embezzlement. However, it found Flipper guilty of misconduct and sentenced him to dismissal.

ON JANUARY 2, 1882, Brig. Gen. C.C. Augur, departmental commander, reviewed the proceedings and upheld the guilty verdict on the charge of misconduct. However, he disagreed with the "not guilty" verdict on the first charge, and declared Flipper guilty of embezzlement as well.

From San Antonio, the case was sent to Gen. D.G. Swaim, judge advocate general in Washington, who threw out the embezzlement charge for good. He sent the misconduct conviction on to Secretary of War Robert Todd Lincoln, with the recommendation that the sentence be reduced "to a lesser degree of punishment." He said Flipper's problems were due primarily to "carelessness and ignorance of correct business methods." Swaim also pointed out that there was no record of a United States officer ever having received as harsh and humiliating treatment as Flipper did at the hands of Colonel Shafter. Lincoln agreed and passed the recommendation on to President Chester Arthur. It was to no avail. On June 24, 1882, Arthur gave final approval of the court martial board's verdict and sentence. Second Lieutenant Henry Ossian Flipper was discharged from the service on June 30, 1882. The officer corps again was exclusively white.

Flipper wasn't finished. He went to El Paso, where he worked as a bookkeeper in a steam laundry while preparing his case. Then he began a lengthy effort to gain reinstatement. At one point he even appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs. But he was a naive man, and several attorneys took advantage of him without ever providing him any real service. Ironically, most of his support came from whites, both northern and southern. Influential blacks seemed largely indifferent to his problems. Ultimately, he became a successful mining engineer, noted for his expertise in Mexican and South American mining laws. He was even named special assistant to the secretary of the interior. Even so, he never achieved what he wanted most—reinstatement as an officer of the United States Army.

Author's Photo

The chapel at Fort Davis doubled as a school and, in the fall of 1881, was the hearing room for Flipper's court-martial. Flipper is commemorated on a metal plaque in front of the ruins.

Flipper died in 1940. His brother filled out the death certificate. When he reached the word "occupation," he wrote, "Retired Army Officer."

In 1972, Georgia schoolteacher Ray MacColl ran across the Flipper affair while researching black cowboys. Convinced of the injustice, he contacted United States Representative Dawson Mathis of Georgia, and together they took the matter up with the Army. On December 13, 1976, 2nd Lt. Henry Ossian Flipper was officially exonerated and reinstated on the rolls of the United States Army. On June 7, 1977, West Point presented its first Henry O. Flipper Award. When the ceremonies were concluded, the Corps of Cadets paraded in Flipper's honor.

The Saga of Santiago

By MICK HAYES

On September 11, 1885, Luceria McKinn was home with her five children at the family's ranch on Gallinas Canyon, a few miles east of the Mimbres River in southwestern New Mexico. Earlier that morning, her husband, John, and several of their neighbors had left for Las Cruces to pick up supplies. Las Cruces was ninety miles southeast of the McKinns' ranch, and McKinn was expected to be gone several days. In his absence, his two oldest sons, Martin, sixteen, and Santiago, twelve, were to look after the ranch. The boys had left the house that morning to tend cattle, unaware that Geronimo and a band of marauding Apaches lurked nearby.

"There are no tidings yet of the twelve-year-old son of John McKinn. . . . His father is strong in the belief that the boy is with the Indians and well cared for. His mother is a Mexican lady and he talks the language fluently, and as the Indians talk Mexican well he will have no difficulty in getting along. . . ."

Mary McKinn, the McKinns' oldest daughter, was ten years old at the time. In later years, she remembered that on that fateful September day, her mother was "sewing and singing happily" when the family's dog, "Watch," ran up to her and began howling. Disturbed by the dog's strange behavior, Mrs. McKinn got up and chased him away. Soon he was back, howling once again. Refusing to get out of her chair a second time, Mrs. McKinn removed one of her shoes and hurled it at the dog.

Meanwhile, John McKinn and company had traveled less than ten miles down the Mimbres River Valley when one of his companions suddenly had misgivings about the journey. Though it was a sunny day and outwardly nothing seemed amiss, McKinn's companion was greatly troubled and insisted they turn back. In a day when Indian raids were not infrequent, ranchers and settlers often relied upon their instincts for survival; McKinn's party promptly turned their wagons and headed back home.

It was mid-afternoon when John McKinn arrived back at his ranch and found that Martin and Santiago had not returned from grazing the cattle that morning. He quickly saddled a horse and went in search of his sons. Presently, he came upon a party of sixteen soldiers, who informed him that a band of raiding Apaches, up from Mexico, had passed that way around noon. They suggested that his sons might have been attacked by the hostiles. The soldiers rode on, hot on the Apaches' trail.

McKinn rode to the nearby village of San Juan, on the Mimbres River, where he organized a posse of twelve men to help him find his boys. The posse searched through the night, to no avail, but at 9:00 the following morning, they came across Martin's body. He had been killed by a single shot to the chest. Santiago was nowhere to be found.

THE PREVIOUS DAY, Martin and Santiago had been some distance from each other, rounding up cattle on foot, when Santiago heard the report of a rifle. He turned, saw the marauding Apaches, and quickly hid in the brush. But the Apaches soon found him. Mary McKinn wrote, "The Indians had ropes and he thought for sure he was going to be hung. And he began to cry, 'Don't kill me! Me Apache! Me Apache! Don't kill me!' Then Geronimo removed his hat and said, 'You no Apache,' for he had blonde hair and a freckled face. Then Geronimo told him to get on a horse. He got on and they were on their way. . . . When Santiago asked what had happened to Martin, Geronimo got angry and hit him with a big rock, and Santiago would ask no more."

The Apaches and their captive headed north, skirting the upper Mimbres River, and then rode west, crossing the Gila River and on into the Mogollon Mountains. On September 17, the Silver City, New Mexico, *Enterprise*, reported, "The Indians are almost surrounded by soldiers and citizens and it will be an impossibility for them to get out of the Mogollons without fighting through their pursuers. News of an engagement

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Neg. No. 11649

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McKinn

may be looked for today."

The expected engagement never materialized. Though Geronimo and four of his most trusted warriors headed west into Arizona, where they made a brief appearance at Fort Apache on September 22, the remainder of his band, with Santiago in hand, hid out in the Mogollons for several weeks. Occasionally, the hostiles sallied forth out of the mountains to commit depredations, but all attempts by soldiers to engage them in combat proved fruitless. On October 16, the *Enterprise* reported, "There are no tidings yet of the twelve-year-old son of John McKinn.... His father is strong in the belief that the boy is with the Indians and well cared for. His mother is a Mexican lady and he talks the language fluently, and as the Indians talk Mexican well he will have no difficulty in getting along, and as he is so young the Indians will try to rear him as one of their own. Soldiers and citizens on the trail of the Indians, are warned to watch out for the boy as he is liable to turn up any day." Despite the *Enterprise's* warning, the Apaches slipped back into Mexico undetected, and there was to be no further word of Santiago until the following year.

In March 1886, Gen. George Crook was at Fort Bowie, Arizona, when he received word that Geronimo and several hostile Apache bands awaited him near the Mexican border to discuss terms of surrender. Crook immediately set out for Mexico accompanied by several officers, interpreters, and a number of civilians, including C.S Fly. Fly was a Tombstone photographer who at the last minute asked permission to follow in the wake of Crook's column.

Crook's entourage met with the

In this haunting photograph taken by C.S. Fly, Santiago McKinn stands apart from his Apache peers, however, shortly before the photo was taken, Santiago and the Apache children were observed "romping freely and carelessly together."

"With a nerve that would have reflected undying glory on a Chicago drummer," Fly got Geronimo (center) and Naiche (standing,

hostile leaders on March 25, in Canyon de los Embudos, twenty miles south of the international border. After both sides had aired their grievances, General Crook ended the meeting by giving the hostiles a day to think over whether they wished to surrender unconditionally, or remain on the warpath.

The following morning, Crook's aide-de-camp, John G. Bourke, and several companions, including the mayor of Tucson, Charles M. Strauss, visited the hostiles' camp. There they encountered a group of boys who were "romping freely and carelessly together." In his book, *On the Border With Crook*, Bourke wrote, ". . . one of them seemed to be of Irish and Mexican lineage. After some persuasion he told Strauss and myself that his name was Santiago McKinn; he seemed to be kindly treated by his companions, and there was no interference with our talk, but he was disinclined to say much and was no doubt thoroughly scared. Beyond showing by the intelligent glance of his eyes that he fully comprehended all that was said to him in both Spanish and English, he took no further notice of us."

With a soldier's eye for detail, Bourke went on to describe Santiago's physical appearance. "He was . . . slim, straight, and sinewy, blue-gray eyes, badly freckled, light eyebrows and lashes, much tanned and blistered by the sun, and wore an old and once white handkerchief on his head which covered it so tightly that the hair could not be seen."

C.S. Fly was also busy going about his business that day. At the conference of the day before, he had impressed the Americans by the seriousness with which he took on the duties of his profession. Though twenty-four armed warriors had watched over the proceedings and there had been considerable tension in the air, Bourke observed that Fly "took shots at Geronimo and the rest of the group, and with a nerve that would have reflected undying glory on a Chicago drummer, cooly asked Geronimo and the warriors with him to change positions, and turn their heads or faces, to improve the negative." Undoubtedly with the same nerve Bourke had witnessed the previous day, Fly got the Apaches to pose for several group photographs. He took a series of photos of Geronimo and his warriors and many of non-combatants as well. Perhaps the most striking photograph, though, was one of several Apache children lined up in front of a crude wickiup, with Santiago standing in the foreground just as Bourke had described him.

"When told that he was to be taken back to his father and mother, Santiago began boo-hooing with great vigor. He said in Apache . . . that he didn't want to go back—he wanted always to stay with the Indians. All sorts of rosy pictures of the delights of home were drawn, but he would have none of them . . ."

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Courtesy Museum of New Mexico Neg. No. 14218

far right) to pose with their warriors for several dramatic photographs.

Around noon, on March 27, the hostiles surrendered to General Crook. Though Geronimo and forty men, women, and children subsequently bolted, the remaining eighty Apaches, with Santiago McKinn in tow, were escorted back to the United States. On April 2, the former hostiles arrived at Fort Bowie, where they made camp with Crook's Indian scouts, one-half mile west of the fort.

OVER THE NEXT several days, Santiago remained by choice in the Apache encampment. Though he did his best to stay out of sight of any white men, it was observed that the Apache adults were "kind to him" and that he was the "wildest in the rough sports of the bronco boys." On the rare occasion when Santiago was caught off guard and found himself confronted by soldiers or citizens, he could not be induced to speak English or Spanish; instead, he spoke the difficult language of his captors, at which he had become quite fluent. In short, Santiago's assimilation into the tribe seemed complete; however, his life with the Apaches was about to come to an abrupt end.

On April 7, Charles Lummis, a reporter for the Los Angeles *Times* who was on assignment at Fort Bowie, reported, "Yesterday Gen. Crook had perfected arrangements to have him [Santiago] taken home. He utterly refused to budge toward the fort with any white man, and [Chief] Chihuahua had to bring him up. . . . When told that he was to be taken back to his father and mother, Santiago began boo-hooing with great vigor. He said in Apache . . . that he didn't want to go back—he wanted always to stay with the Indians. All sorts of rosy pictures of the delights of home were drawn, but he would have none of them, and acted like a young wild animal caught in a trap. When they lifted him into the wagon which was to take him to the station, he renewed his wails, and was still at them as he disappeared from our view."

On April 6, Santiago had been placed on a train at Bowie station, fourteen miles north of Fort Bowie. He arrived at Deming, New Mexico, later that day. As traumatized as he had been by his separation from his captors, it did not take him long to accept his liberation. On April 9, the *Enterprise* reported, "On Wednesday John McKinn went to Deming to meet his boy. The little fellow arrived there Tuesday in a deplorable condition, having been shipped C.O.D. . . . Mr. McKinn, who is a poor man, was required to pay the boy's railroad fare, and Lindauer, Wormser & Co. generously took the little fellow in and dressed him up in a handsome new suit of clothes, at which he was much pleased. He was overjoyed to see his father, whom he recognized upon sight, and to whom he related the rough experiences of the past seven months. On the arrival of the train in this city [Silver City] and the news of the coming of the boy being circulated, a large crowd of curious people gathered to see the little fellow, who was very much the lion of the hour."

SANTIAGO AND his father stayed in Silver City that night. The next day they returned home. Mary McKinn remembered, ". . . about 5:00 that evening Mr. McKinn was approaching the ranch with Santiago who was shooting up in the air. We heard the shots and Mrs. McKinn and children ran out to greet him. The dog, Watch, went with us. As soon as we reached the wagon, Watch couldn't keep still. He jumped up and down excitedly. Santiago was looking strong and healthy. . . . We greeted him warmly. And we went back into the house happy and at the same time sad in remembrance of Martin."

Twelve years after Santiago's return, John McKinn died "totally insane." He had begun to show signs of serious illness directly following Martin's murder and Santiago's abduction. For days after the attack on his sons, he had been unable to sleep, and soon began to complain of a "terrible headache." Shortly thereafter, he became temporarily insane.

In later life, Santiago married and raised a family. For a time he was a blacksmith in Silver City, New Mexico. Eventually, he moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where he died in the mid-1950s. To the end, Santiago was reluctant to talk about his Apache experience. Undoubtedly he had some memories of "romping freely and carelessly" about Apache rancherias. Those memories, however, were probably tainted, perhaps overpowered, by the knowledge that his captors also were the murderers of his brother.

ELECTRONIC

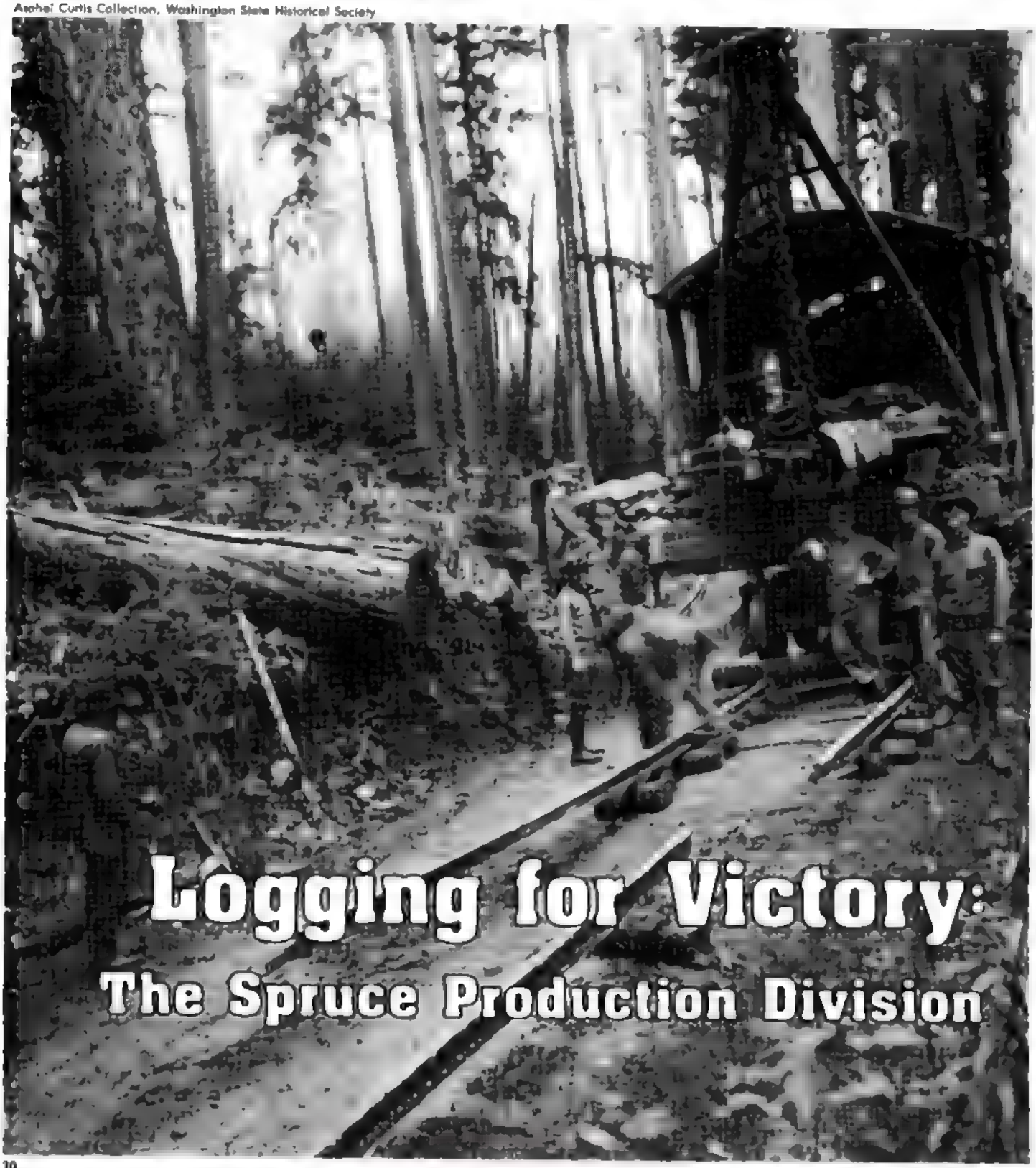
When Congress declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917, the United States was entirely unprepared to fight a war of such magnitude as the one stalemated in Europe. But fight it must when President Wilson declared, "We must make the world safe for democracy."

For years we had steeped ourselves in isolation, had let our army and navy deteriorate. Now, in order to bring our forces up to fighting strength, we had to buckle down and work around the clock to manufacture the weapons needed to arm the new army and the new navy.

"Every male must fight or work," became the slogan of the day. The draft was established. Women were recruited to take the jobs left vacant by men who had left for the armed forces. To strike was considered unpatriotic, if not downright seditious.

On the West Coast, despite the war, labor trouble reared its ugly head to plague the army brass. The spruce lumber that was desperately needed to

Asahel Curtis Collection, Washington State Historical Society



Logging for Victory:

The Spruce Production Division

manufacture aircraft for the neophyte air force had slowed to a trickle.

The Signal Corps was the branch of the Army in charge of military aviation at the time, and the high command was desperate. Something had to be done about the labor situation in the Pacific Northwest. Spruce had to be delivered to the aircraft factories at any cost.

The officer who was placed in charge of getting the spruce out of the woods, into the sawmills, and on to the aircraft factories was Col. Brice P. Disque. On his way from Washington, D.C., to the Pacific Northwest, Disque could still hear his commanding general pounding his desk and declaring, "We've got to have spruce, Colonel. We've got to have spruce."

"Yes, sir, I understand. I know the situation in the Northwest. But where do I come in?" he asked.

"You're going out there, Colonel Disque, and you're going to see that the aircraft factories are supplied with spruce to manufacture the planes we need to fight this war. You're to do anything you have to."

Some farseeing officer in the Signal Corps had realized that the war in Europe would be using more and more aircraft. Already the Germans had airplanes over the trenches in France, and spruce was needed to build the craft with which the Signal Corps hoped to form its new air force.

On the West Coast, despite the war, labor trouble reared its ugly head to plague the army brass. The spruce lumber that was desperately needed to manufacture aircraft for the neophyte air force had slowed to a trickle. The Signal Corps was the branch of the army in charge of military aviation at the time, and the high command was desperate.

By WILLIAM J. BETTS

Sitka spruce is light and strong, and was ideal to manufacture the airframe; without it the factories were at a standstill. There was no shortage of Sitka spruce. On the contrary, the forests of Washington State's Olympic Peninsula contained enough spruce to construct thousands of planes. The problem was the labor troubles, seething like a witch's brew.

Long before the declaration of war, an organization on the West Coast was active in the labor field—the Industrial Workers of the World, called the IWWs for short, or the Wobblies. They had been actively engaged in all of the lumber producing communities of the Pacific Northwest.

The Wobblies were a militant, dedicated group of workers advocating the complete overthrow of the government, anarchists who were as popular as the plague among the timber operators.

The Wobblies had long agitated for an eight-hour day with a minimum wage of $3.00 per day in the sawmills, and a nine-hour day with a daily wage of $3.50 in the logging camps.

In the lumber towns, where the lumbermen often worked their men from twelve to fourteen hours a day at a wage of $2.50, the Wobblies were fighting a losing battle. But they were a stubborn lot. Though driven out of town by law-enforcement officers, who usually backed the lumbermen, they returned again and again to persist in their agitation for better working conditions.

By the time the United States entered the war in Europe, the Wobblies had convinced the labor force to strike for higher wages and shorter working hours. In the spring of 1917, workers throughout the lumber industry threatened to walk off their jobs if their demands were not met. This threat of a strike came at a time when the need for lumber was most critical. Not only was spruce needed for the manufacture of airplanes, Douglas fir and hemlock lumber was needed to build cantonments, barracks, and hospitals both in the United States and Europe.

The government set up an arbitration board, but the lumbering interests refused to negotiate with the Wobblies. Instead, they formed the Lumbermen's Protective Association. All mill owners and logging operators—often one and the same—were expected to join and all did. The association could impose a $500 fine on any member who worked a shift less than ten hours.

Induced by the agitation of the Wobblies, workers walked off their jobs in the sawmills and logging camps in July. Such an unthinkable, unpatriotic act could not be tolerated by the government; either the men would go back to work or they would be drafted into the

Moving a track layer into position, Clallum Extension, Spruce Production Division.

Washington State Historical Society

Bridge building across a ravine. The men are not identified.

Army. In six weeks they were back on their jobs with neither a pay boost nor a shorter working day.

But the Wobblies were not to be defeated so easily. They knew they had the Lumbermen's Protective Association backed against the wall. Their battle cry became, "Agitate! Agitate!" They inaugurated what they termed a "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency"—in simpler terms, a slowdown of work. If they could not strike for higher wages, they would sabotage their work.

STRANGE THINGS began to happen in the sawmills. The huge head rigs, the band saws used to cut logs, began to hit foreign objects such as railroad spikes or stones. They had been driven into the logs by some Wobbly worker either in the woods or where log rafts were stored in the rivers.

Other things transpired. The saying "throw a monkey wrench into the works" became a fact. If the work could not be stopped by sabotaging the head rigs or by deliberate slowdowns, then a tool could be thrown into machinery. This was a dangerous practice, indeed, as men were hurt or killed outright. Nothing, however, was allowed to stand in the way of the workers' "rights."

Of course not all of the workers saw eye to eye with the Wobblies. Many felt it their patriotic duty to work as efficiently as they could. Besides, who would take care of their families when work was stopped by a strike? The saloons in the towns were often the scenes of brutal fights between the factions. Many a worker carried a blackjack with him on the job to protect himself against the Wobblies.

So it was that Col. Brice P. Disque came to the Pacific Northwest to untangle the mess in the lumber producing towns and communities. Colonel Disque set up his headquarters in Portland, Oregon, and immediately set about cleaning up the labor situation.

Colonel Disque was far too smart to rule the lumber industry with a dictatorial hand. He believed in soft gloves enclosing iron fists. Something would have to be done to induce the lumbermen willingly to work their hardest. He formed the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, the 4-L, as it was later called. It wasn't exactly looked upon with favorable eyes. As one operator put it, it was "a 50–50 outfit; half employer, half employee and half Colonel Disque." However, the new organization had teeth. Each 4-L member signed a pledge that he would do everything in his power to help the war effort, and ". . . to stamp out any sedition or acts of hostility against the United States which may come to my knowledge."

COLONEL DISQUE convinced the operators they would have to meet the demands of the IWW if the timber were to come out of the woods and the mills to cut lumber at their peak capacity. The operators insisted that they could not give in to the demands of the Wobblies; to do so would mean the beginning of anarchy.

The brusque army colonel would not listen to their arguments. He ordered all operators to cut their shifts to an eight-hour day and to pay time and a half for anything over forty hours.

When one of the biggest logging operators on the Pacific Coast asked Colonel Disque what would happen if he failed to comply with his orders, he said, "You are all members of the Loyal Legion. I have your pledge to help stamp out hostility to the United States. Would you wish me to exercise my prerogative and prosecute you as a seditionist?"

The wily army officer had the operators right where he wanted them. No one wanted to test him; rather, they would bide their time and wait until the war was over. Then they would go after the unionists. They complied with the Army's orders and the eight-hour day became a reality along with the higher pay scale in the sawmills and logging camps of the Northwest.

There were other changes in the logging camps. Henceforth the bunkhouses would be furnished with decent beds,

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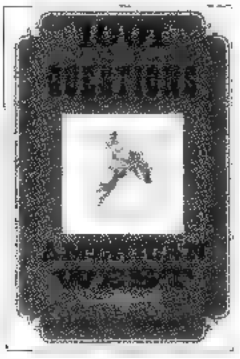

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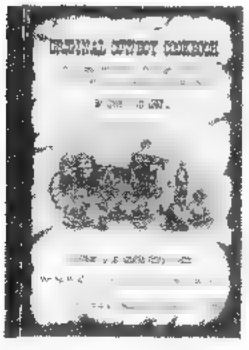

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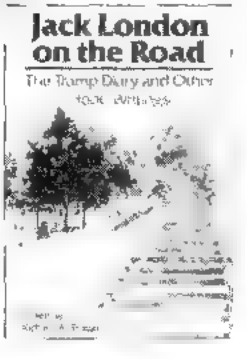

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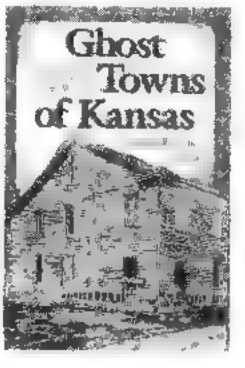

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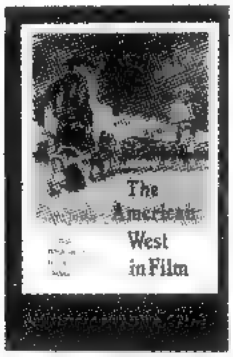

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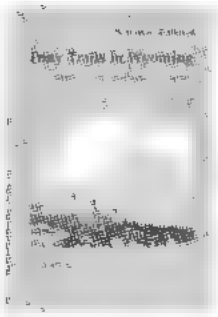

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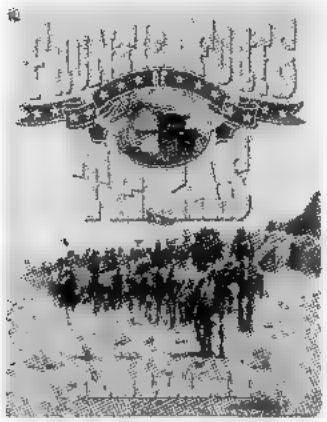

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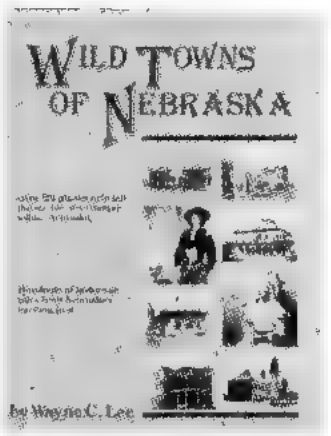

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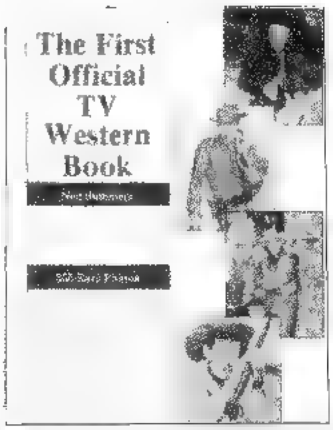

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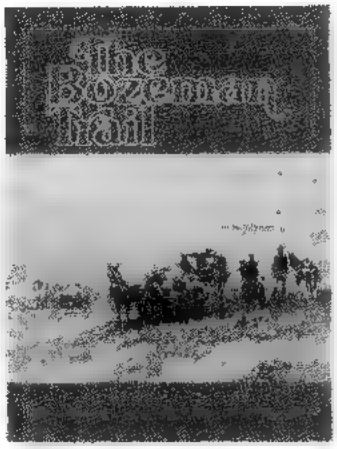

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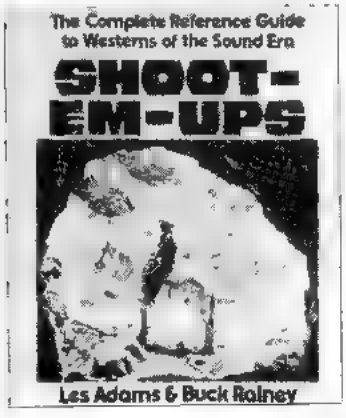

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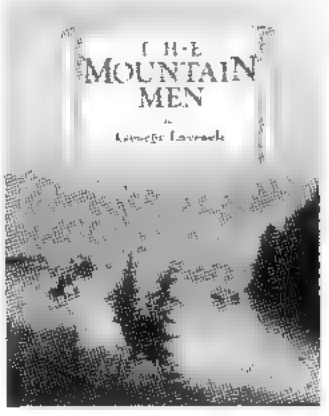

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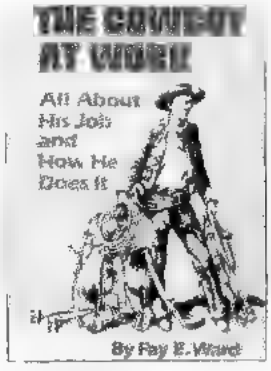

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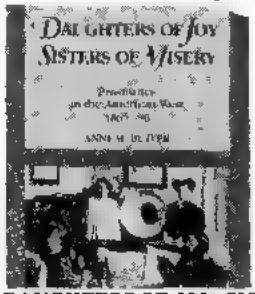

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vermin-free bedding, and a change of linen once a week, all for the fee of a dollar. Old-time loggers, used to sleeping on lousy straw ticks, could hardly believe that such a miracle had come to pass.

With the peace brought to the labor force through the 4-L, the sawmills and the logging camps began to produce the much needed lumber in even greater quantities than before. Still the planes needed by our neophyte "air force"—the Curtiss designed JN4 trainer (later to be lovingly called the Jenney) and the DeHaviland DH4 fighter, with the famous Liberty engine, were being produced too slowly. The bottleneck remained the shortage of spruce used in the framework of the fuselage and wings.

The fault could not be blamed on labor this time, but on the lack of transportation. There was plenty of spruce. Great stands of Sitka spruce grew in the upper regions of the Olympic Peninsula of Washington State. A particularly wonderful stand of spruce grew in the large groves northwest of Port Angeles. But the spruce was of no use until it was transported to the sawmills.

Two solutions to the problem occurred to Colonel Disque: he could have a sawmill built at the source of supply or build a railroad into the wilderness. The first was unworkable for the simple reason that some means of transportation would still have to be made to bring the finished lumber to the factories. It would be much simpler to build the railroad in the first place.

Colonel Disque hit another snag. The draft was draining the manpower from the woods. A first-class labor shortage developed. The colonel solved that problem the army way—he drafted the labor force needed to build a railroad and to log the spruce.

The Spruce Production Division became a reality. Men who were not qualified to fight the war in the trenches

The saying "throw a monkey wrench into the works" became a fact. If the work could not be stopped by sabotaging the head rigs or by deliberate slowdowns, then a tool could be thrown into machinery. This was dangerous, indeed, as men were hurt or killed. Nothing, however, was allowed to stand in the way of the workers' "rights."

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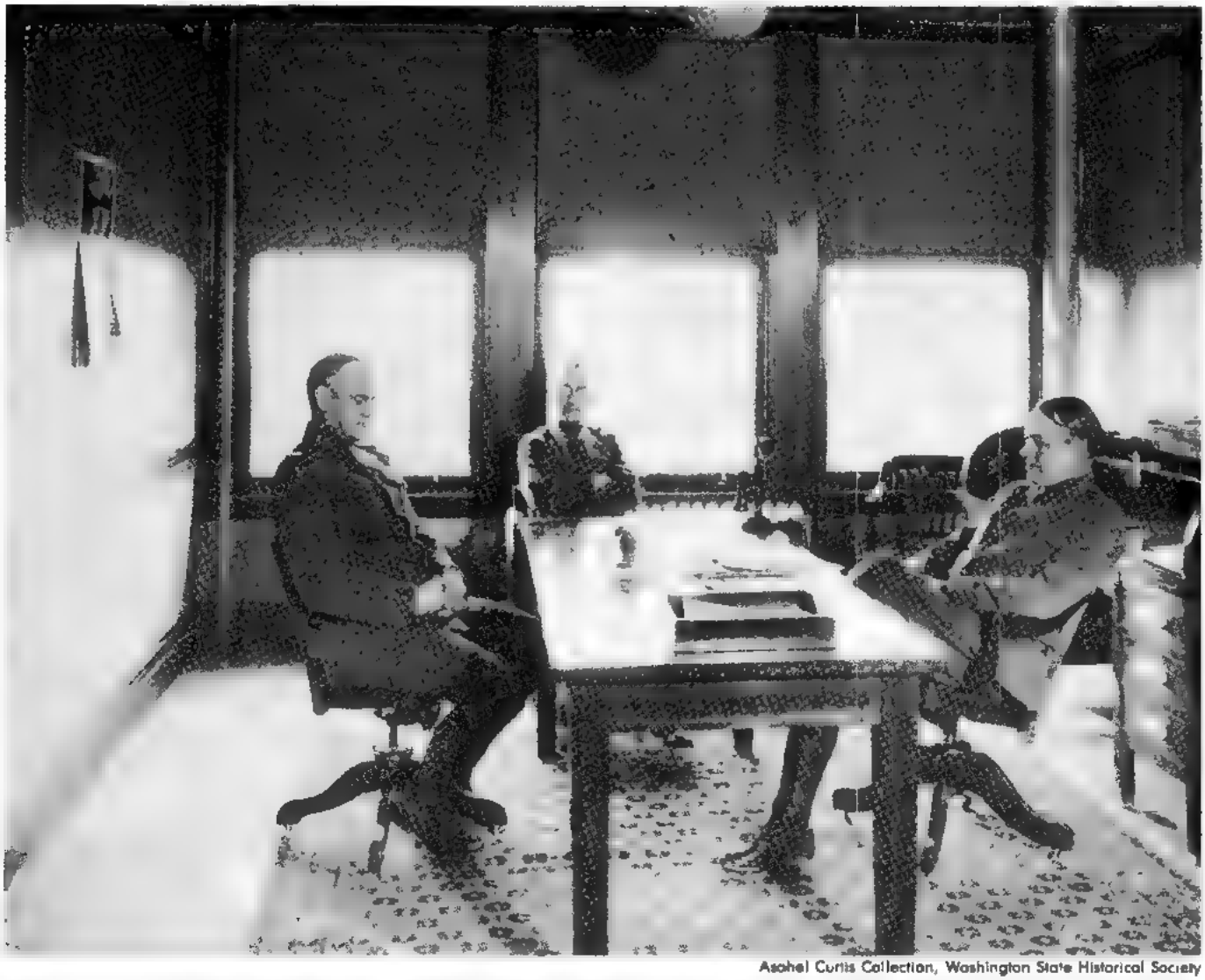
Building the second crossing of the Solduc River. Rain was almost a daily visitation in the fall.



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Conference in Seattle: Mott Sawyer is on the right, and Clark Allen is on the left. The officer in the center is not identified.

because of some physical disability or who were over age were quickly drafted. They came from all walks of life.

Many of the new draftees were fresh from the streets of America's larger cities and didn't know an ax from a crosscut saw. In order to make qualified loggers of them, old-timers were placed among them to teach the techniques of handling ax and saw. Instead of learning to handle a machine gun they were taught how to fell the huge spruce trees in the wilderness. These soldiers of the Spruce Production Divison received the going wage for loggers, from which their army pay was deducted as well as $7.50 a week for board and room.

During the first winter after the United States declared war, 1917-18, the army loggers cut huge quantities of spruce. But the army brass was putting the cart before the horse. There was still no way to transport the logs to the sawmills. A railroad would have to be built from the logging operations to the mill sites.

The following spring, 1918, the Division began laying track for the logging trains. They constructed five miles of railroad in the Lake Quinault area of the Olympic Peninsula for the Polson Logging Company. Another five miles was laid along the Pysht River near the northern section of the Peninsula on the Strait of Juan de Fuca to aid the Merril and Ring Logging Company.

THE LONGEST section of track was planned to run from Disque Junction to the headwaters of the Hoko River area toward the tip of the peninsula. The distance was some twenty miles as a crow flies, but the railroad could not be laid in a straight line. In fact, the right-of-way was surveyed through some of the roughest terrain in the foothills of the Olympics. Called the Clallam Extension, the section was to be pushed to completion with the utmost speed.

Colonel Disque realized that he could not build the Clallam Extension with the inexperienced soldiers of his Spruce Division. They could be used for the labor, but a firm experienced in railroad building would have to plan and execute the line. The construction of the railroad was awarded to the Siems, Cary and H.S. Kerbough Corporation, on a cost-plus basis.

The head of the corporation was a Mr. Cary, fresh from building a railroad in China. "I've never really done anything for my country but I can and will if I get the right brass," he told newsmen at the time the contract was awarded to his firm.

Cary was given six months to complete the project. When someone pointed out that the railroad would have to be constructed through some of the most rugged country in the state, he replied, "Well, there are no Chinese bandits out there and as for finishing the job in six months, just give me the right brass to push this thing and then watch out for my smoke."

Many thought it impossible to build a railroad thirty-five miles long and con-

struct a mill at Ennis Creek near Port Angeles in the short span of six months. It was a rugged contract that presented many obstacles. The engineering corporation, however, was so certain of success that they also contracted to cut some 300,000 board feet of spruce lumber per day at $105 per thousand feet at the Ennis Creek mill when construction was complete.

Cary got the right "brass." On July 9, 1989, special orders placed Maj. Mott Sawyer in charge of the Clallam Extension operation. The Army had chosen well.

Mott Sawyer was a veteran of the Spanish American War who had gone into railroading when he came back from the Philippines. He worked for several railroads in almost every capacity. He was the construction train master for a new railroad built along the Columbia River in a joint effort by the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads. After the Columbia River job was finished, Mott Sawyer worked for a number of years with the Western Pacific, where he learned a great deal about laying steel through heavily wooded country. From the Western Pacific he went to the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railway as superintendent. He completely rebuilt that railroad, making it one of the best. The Milwaukee Road later bought the property and retained Sawyer as the divisional superintendent.

SAWYER WAS still with the Milwaukee Railway when the United States entered the war. When the Army began casting around for a man who could take charge of building the Spruce Production railroad, they discovered Mott Sawyer. Here was an army veteran who definitely knew about railroads. The Army drafted him as a major.

Major Sawyer was to take charge of the Clallam Extension carried on by the Siems, Cary and H.S. Kerbough Corporation. He would answer to no one but Colonel Disque, who gave him orders to cut the red tape and get the railroad built as soon as possible.

Sawyer brought to the job with him an old pal and his construction foreman, Clark Allen, wrangling captain's bars for him. Captain Allen had that rare quality of leadership which enabled him to get the most from his men without seeming bossy. For once the Army furnished the right "brass."

The main office of the Clallam Extension was at Seattle. Field headquarters were set up at the Log Cabin Hotel, Piedmont, Washington, near Lake Pleasant, not far from the already extant railroad. Major Sawyer divided his time between field headquarters and the Seattle office.

Under the supervision of the contractors, the soldiers of the Spruce Production Division inched the steel rails toward the Hoko River country. As the crews became more familiar with laying steel they went faster and faster.

They built bridges, tunneled through rock outcroppings, cleared the right-of-

Asahel Curtis Collection, Washington State Historical Society

Base camp at Pleasant Lake. Dinnertime for some of the soldiers working on the railroad into the Olympic spruce country

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Laying track through forest near the upper end of Lake Crescent.

way through virgin forests of fir, spruce, and cedar. They graded the road bed, laid down ties and steel.

They worked an eight-hour day. When it was over, this army of nearly 10,000 ate a hearty meal and often watched the ever-present poker games. The bunkhouses were simple, but each man was given a good bed with clean linen. Theirs was a hard life, but it was far better than fighting the war in the trenches of Europe.

Sometimes a man would take a three-day pass, for which he received his regular army pay and not logger's wages. He would visit Seattle or Port Angeles, and many a man it was who met a local girl, later married her, and stayed in the Pacific Northwest after the war to become a veteran logger.

All through July and August the soldiers worked against deadlines. They worked hard, those greenhorns who had never before used an ax or shovel or pick. Just maybe they could finish the railroad within the six months specified by the contract.

A year after the war ended, Congress called for an investigation into the wasteful practices of the Spruce Production Division. Mott Sawyer was called into Washington to testify before the congressional committee investigating the "bungling and inefficiency that had cost the taxpayers millions of dollars."

Then came the rains in September. The right-of-way became a quagmire of mud. The men were miserable, continually wet and cold. There was a slowdown. But Captain Allen was able to push his men to greater efforts despite the rain. They kept the job ahead of schedule.

During November the rains really came in earnest. The men wondered if it ever stopped raining on the Olympic Peninsula. November 11 dawned dismal, gray, and rainy. Then the news was flashed across the world that the war was over. Somehow the rain didn't matter any more. All work stopped on the railroad and in the woods as the soldier-workers celebrated the end of World War I.

Later, the work was continued on the

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Capt. Clark Allen inspects a bridge with an unidentified civilian foreman.

Clallam Extension, and nineteen days after the signing of the armistice, the last spike was driven, completing the logging railroad.

Not a log was hauled over the new railroad, however. Not one piece of lumber was cut at the new Ennis Creek mill under the supervision of the Spruce Production Division. The end of the war had brought an end to the need for spruce. The soldiers of the division were mustered out of the Army.

Maj. Mott Sawyer, like the others in the division, was handed his discharge papers. The very next day he went back to his old job with the Milwaukee Railway at Bellingham. But his job with the division was not over yet. A year after the war ended, Congress called for an investigation into the wasteful practices of the Spruce Production Division. Mott Sawyer was called to Washington to testify before the congressional committee investigating the "bungling and inefficiency that had cost the taxpayers millions of dollars."

After days of appearing before the congressional committee and hours and hours of explaining the structure of the division, Sawyer was willing to let the committee say anything they wished, so long as he could leave Washington and get back to his job in the Northwest. Nothing much finally came of the investigation, which probably wasted more money looking into the division than was actually wasted in the building of the railroad.

In a letter dated September 12, 1919, Colonel Disque wrote to Mott Sawyer, saying that to "undertake the unpleasant task of placing the story of the Spruce Production Division before the Congressional Committee has shown me that you still have confidence in our work and the value of real friends."

Eventually the thirty-six miles of railroad and the mill at Ennis Creek, as well as the vast forest holdings, were sold by the government to Lyon, Hill and Company for one million dollars. They in turn sold out to the Solduck Investment Company in 1929. The following year Solduck sold out to the Olympic Forest Products Company. The mill at Ennis Creek was converted to a pulp mill and is now owned and operated by the ITT Corporation.

After Lyon, Hill and Company purchased the railroad, it was made a common carrier, named the Port Angeles Western. Work was started to push the line to the timber rich Hoh River country, but the steel stopped at the Calawah River, just north of the small town of Forks.

WHILE THE government was negotiating the sale of the railroad in 1921, a hurricane with 114-mile-an-hour winds whipped in from the Pacific, leveling great sections of the spruce forest in the Hoko River area. The potential earning power of the railroad was reduced, as it was to be used to haul the log production from the area. So the Port Angeles Western Railroad was forced to remain idle. Then when the Great Depression hit in the thirties, it all but wiped out the railroad.

The death of the railroad came in the fifties, when a fire swept through 30,000 acres of timber and blowdown along the Calawah River. For a time it was feared that the entire town of Forks would be lost in the holocaust, and much of the town did go up in flames.

The Port Angeles Western owned much of the burn area, and it seemed natural that the residents of Forks should blame the railroad for the fire damage. They sued for millions in damages, forcing the Port Angeles Western into receivership. An attempt was made to interest the federal government in refurbishing the line but Congress had had it with the building of railroads. In 1954, the tracks were torn up and sold for scrap.

So ended the railroad started by the Spruce Production Division in the war years of 1917–18. Still it wasn't a total loss—hadn't the sawmill workers and loggers benefitted? The eight-hour day had come to stay, along with clean sheets for the lumberjacks.

The Cherokee Female Seminary

An American Success Story

By DEVON ABBOTT

On a cold November morning in 1850, Ellen Rebecca Whitmore, an alumna of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, checked out of a Holidaysburg, Pennsylvania, hotel where she had spent a long and uncomfortable night. She was en route to Indian Territory, some 1,500 miles from her home in Marlborough, Massachusetts. Six months earlier, Whitmore had accepted the position of principal at the Cherokee Female Seminary, a tuition-free boarding school in northeastern Indian Territory. When Whitmore decided to take the job, she was enthusiastic about bringing education and Christianity to the Indians. But now, after weeks of traveling in springless wagons and sleeping in drafty inns, Whitmore wondered if she had made the right decision. Would conditions among the Cherokees be any better?

Whitmore arrived at Park Hill, Cherokee Nation, on November 13, 1850, and was pleasantly surprised. The Cherokees she encountered were meticulously dressed in eastern-style clothes, spoke English, and lived in log cabins or brick houses. Whitmore was also duly impressed by the plantation-style "Rose Cottage" mansion of Chief John Ross, a sixty-one-year-old man of only one-eighth degree Cherokee blood, and his bride, the teenage daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant. But what commanded Whitmore's attention was the

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Members of the junior class, Cherokee Female Seminary, 1898. Left to right, bottom row: Violet Weldon, Lucinda Ballard, Nellie Duncan, Nevada Duckworth, Mayme Starr, middle row: Anetta Scott, Jennie Lamar, Fanny Sickiller, Shasta Lane, Alice French, Hattie Johnston, Lucile Archer, Eldee Starr, top row: Ella Mae Covel, Lulu James, Fann Ross, Miss Blue Adair (teacher), Grace Phillips, and Cherokee Adair.

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Students at the Cherokee Female Seminary, circa 1900.

The Cherokees Ellen Rebecca Whitmore encountered were meticulously dressed in eastern-style clothes, spoke English, and lived in log cabins or brick houses. Whitemore was impressed by the plantation-style "Rose Cottage" mansion of Chief John Ross, a sixty-one-year-old man of only one-eighth degree Cherokee blood, and his teenage bride.

imposing, three-story Female Seminary building that stood nearby, and its counterpart, the Male Seminary, almost three miles away.

Whitmore had been concerned that her Cherokee students would not possess the basic academic skills to master the seminary's rigorous curriculum which was patterned after that of her prestigious alma mater, Mount Holyoke. In order to graduate from the Cherokee seminary, all were required to pass courses in geometry, algebra, physiology, geography, Latin, English grammar, and Greek and American history. But Whitmore was again surprised that the twenty-five student positions were filled by Cherokee girls who easily passed the admittance tests.

The majority of the enrollees were mixed-bloods. In fact, most of the 4,000 students who passed through the seminary halls in its thirty-nine year existence were mixed-bloods. More than any other tribe in North America, the Cherokees had intermarried with whites, resulting in many tribesmen who subscribed to the values of white society. As early as 1800, prior to their removal from the Southeast over the "Trail of Tears" to Indian Territory, mixed-blood Cherokees were living in spacious homes, utilized black slaves to harvest their crops, operated trading posts, sent their children to white schools in the East (or built their own and hired instructors), and dominated the tribal government. The full bloods attempted to retain their traditional Cherokee culture—which included a disinterest in education—but for the most part were not powerful enough to make their voices heard.

Although Ellen Whitmore arrived at Park Hill determined upon a career among the Cherokees, she resigned her position in June 1852 to marry missionary Warren Goodale. This set a precedent, for in the next four years, three other principals and teachers married missionaries and left Park Hill.

A lack of funds forced the seminary to close in 1856. Except for a short period in 1861, the school remained closed until 1872, after damages sustained during the Civil War were repaired. But after sixteen years, the tribe was eager to revitalize the seminary, and in May 1872, the school was reopened. Girls of other tribes were allowed to enroll, and the curriculum was broadened and diversified. But now

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A group of students at Cherokee Female Seminary after it was rebuilt.

students had to pay a small tuition, and Cherokees who could not afford the $5.00 per semester fee labeled the seminary an elitist institution.

By the mid-1870s, students devoted their efforts to a more intensive study of English grammar, Latin, French, German, American history, geography, chemistry, zoology, botany, physiology, trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, and business writing. Juniors and seniors studied the works of authors such as Virgil, Livy, Homer, Goethe, Moliere, Eliot, and Shakespeare. All students were expected to understand the structure of the United States government as well as that of their own Cherokee National government. One of the most unpopular assignments was the end-of-year requirement that the girls rewrite a story they had read, such as "Ivanhoe."

In addition to the rigorous academic schedule, the students were required to walk three miles a day and to attend "physical culture drills" each evening in the chapel. Tennis, basketball, and badminton courts and archery ranges were available. Since ministers from neighboring congregations frowned upon dancing, teachers substituted "rhythmic exercises" accompanied by music. Sometimes dance steps were added, but the movements were prudently called "exercise," not dancing.

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The girls were supervised during meals, which consisted of a wide variety of fruits, vegetables, and meats, but also an overabundance of sugar, salt, butter, and coffee. Some students supplemented their diet by cooking fudge and chicken over lanterns in their dorm room closets in the middle of the night. Students also bought hot bread, sugar cookies, salted nuts, and tamales from vendors who visited the seminary each evening. This regimen, no doubt, contributed to the daily "bowel complaint" experienced by almost all the students.

Digestive disorders and serious diseases were treated by the seminary's medical superintendent with mercurial purgation, turpentine emulsion, quinine, liniment massage, Dover's powder, spiced poultices, febrifuges, and hot whiskey toddies. If the doctor was not available for emergencies, seminary personnel had to improvise. Deep lacerations, for example, were closed with needle and thread by the home economics teacher. One winter, a student developed pneumonia and became delir-

ious with fever. Music teacher Narcissa Owen and her niece, teacher Lelia Breedlove, prepared a concoction consisting of a mixture of mashed raw potatoes, hot water, and (because the ground outside was frozen) dirt from a potted plant. This "potato poultice" was applied to the girl's chest for several hours and by morning her fever, at least, was gone.

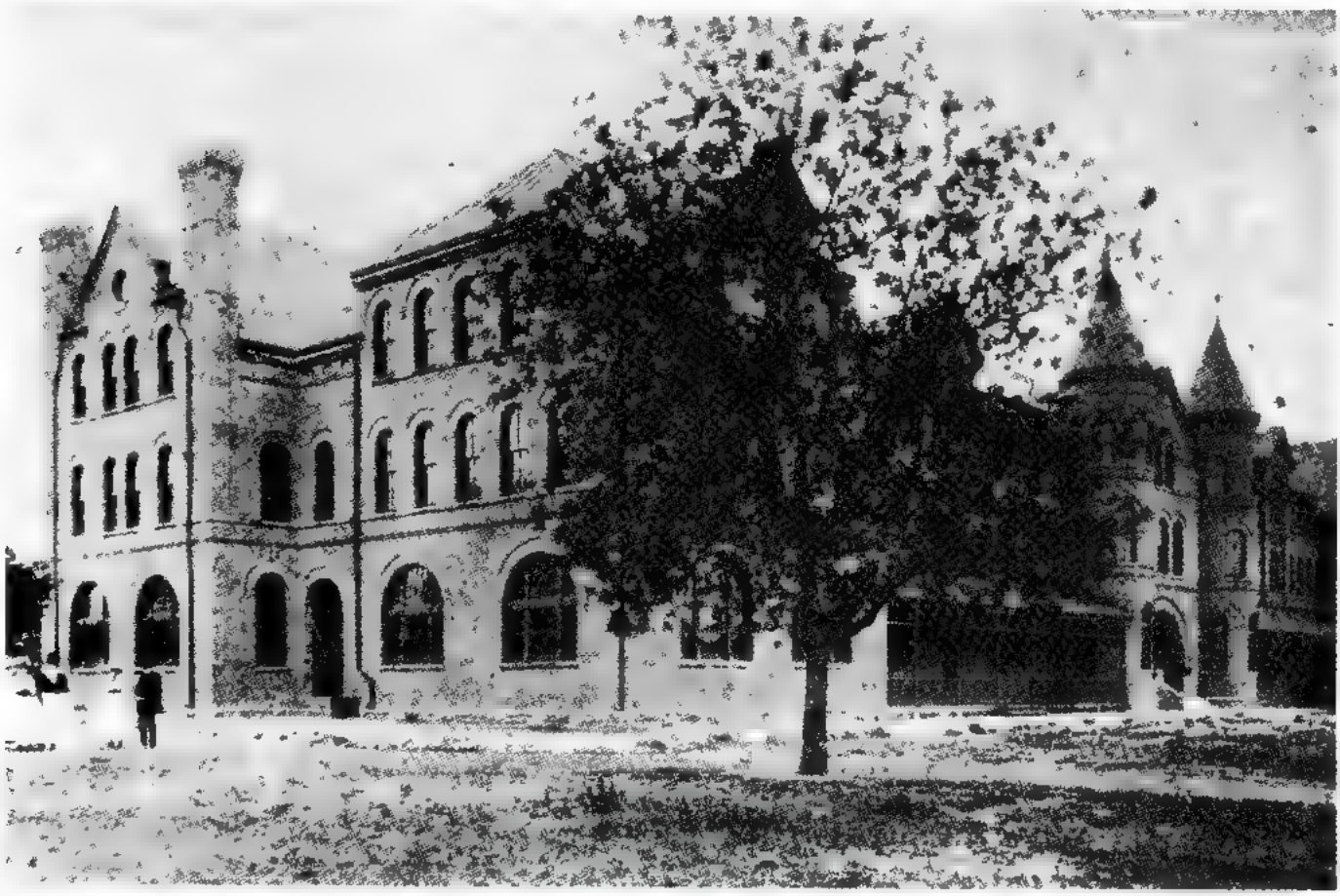
After breakfast, the students fastidiously cleaned the areas most often open to inspection—the kitchen, parlor, and classrooms. Teachers wearing white gloves also examined the private rooms of the students. The scrubbed floors, polished banisters, manicured lawns, and formal flower beds all reflected the administration's dedication to order and cleanliness, primary virtues of late-nineteenth-century American life.

Numerous events highlighted the academic year. People from all over the country visited the school, and during the concerts, weddings, church services, and examinations, the students were able to meet new people and expand their cultural horizons. Once every two weeks, the girls were accompanied by teachers into the Cherokee Nation's capital city, Tahlequah, to visit the ice cream "saloon," roller-skating rink, opera house, and art galleries. Students shopped at the mercantile stores, such as Sharp's Dry Goods, Winder's Store, or Richard's and McSpadden's, but they were steered clear of the race track and pool hall. The girls also regularly attended football, baseball, and basketball games and tennis matches at the Male Seminary.

DISCIPLINE was administered through a demerit system that punished offenders by denying them certain privileges. Even one demerit a week could prevent a student from participating in ball games, receptions, picnics, or shopping trips. These punishments were doubly painful since students from the Male Seminary often attended such functions. If a student received too many demerits, she could be suspended or expelled. That rarely happened, except for one student who was permanently excused for trying to burn the school, and another who was caught kissing the cook.

The first teachers at the Female Seminary were Mount Holyoke graduates. Like Ellen Whitmore, these young women were dedicated to teaching their students the "social graces," and "meticulous refinements of good breeding," as well as the academic disciplines. But when students began graduating from the seminary, there was no need to hire teachers from outside the Cherokee Nation. Of the 216 seminary graduates, one-third became teachers, and many of them returned to teach at their alma mater. Girls who preferred to teach in the Cherokee Nation's public school system were exempt from the teacher certification examinations since their academic background was deemed superior.

For twenty years, the primary source of principals for the Cherokee girls' school was Mount Holyoke, but in 1875, Ann Florence Wilson, a native of Arkansas, filled the post. For the next quarter century she shaped the school's policies and curriculum and exercised a pro-



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Southwestern view of the Cherokee Female Seminary, Tahlequah, photographed by J.F. Standiford.

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Students at the Cherokee Female Seminary.

found influence over the students and administration. Wilson's staid manner scared the girls and personnel, but she remained an intellectual inspiration to everyone at the seminary. Several students named their daughters after her, and the largest dormitory on the Northeastern State University campus is called Florence Wilson Hall.

The apparent success and "flourishing condition" of the seminary was disrupted early in the afternoon of Easter Sunday, 1887, when "a calamity hitherto unknown in the history of the country" occurred. The Female Seminary burned to the ground when a "deranged" visitor (who had persisted in taking the girls to the woods to preach them the "gospel") dropped ashes from his pipe onto the wooden fence he was sitting on. The embers were carried through the hollow post, which acted as a flue. A nearby window drew the blaze into the building, and within the hour the entire facility, except for the pillars, was lost. Fortunately, no one was injured, but most of the school records were destroyed in the blaze.

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The Cherokee National Council immediately made plans to rebuild a new and improved seminary. The laying of the new seminary cornerstone was cause for celebration. Witnessed by over two thousand Cherokee citizens, a procession marched through Tahlequah, led by the town's brass band, followed by the Masonic Grand Lodge of Indian Territory, and students of the Cherokee Male Seminary, the Tahlequah public schools, and the mission schools. Located closer to Tahlequah and with an improved water supply, the new building could accommodate almost three hundred students and teachers.

The new seminary opened in 1889 and it continued to attract students from across the Cherokee Nation. In response to the students' academic abilities, the course of study continued to grow. But the curriculum contained no courses focusing upon tribal history, language, religion, dress, manners, or culture. Those enrolled in the seminary, however, did not expect to acquire knowledge about tribal traditions. Like many modern Americans of Cherokee descent, most of the students evidently adhered to the white value system and seemed willing to leave traditional ways behind. Education appeared to be the way to acculturation and advancement.

On November 16, 1907, Oklahoma

became the forty-sixth state, and although the Cherokee Nation's tribal schools were absorbed into the Oklahoma state system, the Female Seminary continued to function as usual until the end of the 1909 school year. The Male Seminary was then transformed into a coeducational high school, and served both male and female students until 1910, when the school burned. The Female Seminary was destined to be incorporated into a larger institution, the Northeastern State Normal School. After numerous name changes and campus additions, the school became Northeastern State University. The building once called the Cherokee Female Seminary remains and is known as "Seminary Hall."

MANY OF the graduates used their education to become prominent leaders in Oklahoma history. Besides the numerous educators, almost all the women were politically and socially active. Nannie Katherine Fite was a 1920 delegate to the National Democratic Convention in San Francisco and chairman of the Oklahoma Department of Democrats National Committee. Rachel Caroline Eaton, a noted author, wrote *John Ross and the Cherokee Indians*, *Oklahoma Pioneer Life*, and *Historic Fort Gibson*. Eldee Starr served as the U.S. Field Clerk of the Muskogee District. Ellen Howard Miller represented Indian Territory at the World's Convention at Chicago in 1893, and was vice-president of the International Dry Farming Congress for Women.

Many graduates were instrumental in securing Oklahoma landmarks. "Bluie" Adair, while president of the Civic League of Tahlequah, spearheaded the planting of 3,000 trees in the capital city. Ellen Howard Miller was a life member of the Advisory Board of the Boy Scouts of America and designed the memorial bridge that crosses Caney River in Bartlesville.

Graduates of the seminaries celebrate their alma mater each year on May 7, the date of the Female Seminary's opening in 1852. Only a few alumnae remain, and descendants of the seminary students now have their own organization. The pillars of the first building stand in front of the Cherokee Cultural Museum complex—Tsa-La-Gi—on the outskirts of Tahlequah. These pillars and Seminary Hall are proud reminders of the Cherokees' commitment to education and adaptation in the white man's world.

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CHARLES SPENCER
A Fighter to the End

By MARY G. STANO

When he was offered the mail contract between Prescott and Hardyville in Arizona Territory, Charles Spencer had no qualms about accepting it. Having lived with the Walapai Indians for several years, he was certain he would have no problem crossing their land—a misconception which would cost two lives.

Born in England around 1836 and raised in New York, Charles Spencer came west as a young man to seek adventure. His experience as a mountain man who knew the ways of the Indians as well as the land brought for him the mail contract. But his past held no guarantees against an attack, especially the fatal one of March 21, 1868.

That Saturday morning Spencer and his escort of two soldiers, Corporal Troy and Private Flood, left Camp Willow Grove at their usual time of nine o'clock. They were aware of the Walapais' animosity toward whites because of the murder of one of their revered chiefs by a white man a couple of years earlier. The mail couriers, however, were sure no strike would be made against an old friend like Spencer. They were wrong.

The three men were fired upon four miles from the camp. Troy and Flood were killed instantly, along with their horses and the mule Spencer was riding.

Spencer swiftly freed himself from the saddle, grabbed his seven-shot rifle along with some ammunition, and ran behind a greasewood bush. Seconds later a few of the Indians charged in and proceeded to strip and mutilate the dead soldiers.

Without hesitation or taking careful aim, Spencer let loose with several shots and felled two Walapais. While the others scurried off to seek shelter, a dozen of their companions, hidden among the rocks, fired down upon the lone survivor.

Spencer dug deeper beneath the bush to evade the bullets raining down on him. He escaped all but one, which passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. As he wrapped a kerchief around the wound to stop the bleeding, silence reigned.

Believing they had him trapped, the Walapais moved in. Realizing he needed more protection, Spencer crawled into a crevice between some rocks. From there he had the advantage of being able to see them while they could not see him, and he fired a few more rounds.

Spencer was not worried about running out of ammunition. He was sure the gunfire had been heard at the camp, and he expected the soldiers to arrive within minutes to bail him out. But it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before any troops finally came to his aid. The delay was not because the shots were not heard at Camp Willow Grove. Every soldier there heard them, but no one responded. The commander, Capt. G.R. Vernon, thought it was just Major

Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Arizona

Charles Spencer with a Mr. Wilson in 1878. No one knows which man is Spencer. Knowing Spencer's background, the man on the right is dressed as he probably would have.

Price, due in from Fort Mohave, engaged in a small skirmish.

For almost seven hours Spencer singly fought off the Walapais, aiming more carefully and shooting less when his ammunition began to run low. He had only a few shots left when a squad of soldiers finally decided to check out the continuous gunfire. At first sight of the soldiers, the Indians quickly left.

That experience might have soured Spencer on the military, but it did not prevent him from doing business with them. Perhaps out of a need for ready cash, he accepted an offer to serve as an interpreter in 1874. With more troops being sent into the region, the Walapais were willing to talk rather than fight. The military needed someone who knew their language to communicate to them the wishes and orders of the United States government. Spencer was hired, at $125 a month plus one ration, as a liaison between the Army and the Indians.

IT HAD become obvious to the Walapais that the old ways were no more, and Spencer understood their resentment and fears better than most. Yet despite his misgivings about placing them on a reservation along the hot Colorado River, far from their cool homeland, it was an order which had to be obeyed. He told them the reasons for their displacement—one being to make room for more settlers—and they complied with the government directives.

From the beginning, the Walapais detested the heat and flatness of the reservation. After a year and many deaths, they finally said "no more" and made the bold move to return to their mountainous homeland. No one stopped them.

Spencer helped the Walapais where he could, regaining their friendship. By the late 1870s he met and married a Walapai woman named Sanigee, which means "antelope."

While Spencer may have been liked by the Walapais and loved by his wife, he had no real friends, mostly because whenever he got drunk, which was often, he became loud, belligerent, and quarrelsome.

In 1879 he and Gus Gatewood sold a mine claim they had earlier jumped from a company which had failed to complete the necessary assessment work. To celebrate his profits, Spencer went to a saloon and joined a couple of other men in a poker game. The liquor flowed, and the more he consumed the more he took a dislike to one of the men.

Eventually the animosity turned to heated hostility. An argument erupted, and Spencer drew his gun. Men dived for cover as a shot rang out, but Spencer missed his target. The fire was promptly returned, but the other man also missed. No doubt both men were too drunk to aim straight.

Finding his gun out of ammunition, Spencer ducked beneath the table and reloaded. The other man shot him in the arm when he emerged. Spencer dropped his weapon and the fight ended. But it was far from being the last affray Spencer would be in. There were many more, including the most vicious hand-to-hand conflict in the history of Arizona Territory, an outright vile brawl whose seed took root when Spencer attempted to live the life of a rancher.

Spencer and his wife moved to a ranch at Milkweed Springs, an area once used by the Indians as a hunting ground. He planned to breed cattle and raise his two children—Mamie, born in 1879, and Sammy, born in 1881. But his plans diminished under a multitude of debts. Then he met Charles Cohen.

Each time Spencer made a jab with the knife, Cohen took a swing with the tree limb. A mighty blow from the branch eventually knocked the knife out of Spencer's hand. Having gained the advantage, Cohen wildly beat the larger man with the tree limb. When Spencer finally butted him, they both went down.

Cohen, described as a "short and chunky Israelite," worked at a Prescott store owned by A. Wollenburg and Company. He was a soft-spoken and amiable man who, in 1882, was sent to Hackberry to open another store for the company. He met Spencer at one of the saloons in town, where the two were playing cards for drinks.

During the card game Spencer talked about the money that could be made with a sizable herd of cattle. Seeing the interest his words were generating, he made a proposition to Cohen. If Cohen would furnish the money for an ample herd, Spencer would care for the cattle and divide the profits each fall at shipping time.

Cohen did not spend much time thinking. He sensed cattle were a good investment, and he readily went into partnership with Spencer. After the necessary papers were signed and a man was hired to manage the Hackberry store, Cohen returned to Prescott.

But when Cohen came back to Hackberry each fall at shipping time to collect his share of the profits, the amount he received was always less than expected. Spencer inevitably had a feeble excuse to explain away the small profits and insisted he had everything under control. Cohen had his doubts.

After a few inquiries, Cohen learned half the herd was under a different brand that was not part of the partnership. All profits earned from the sale of those cattle went directly into Spencer's account.

John C. Grounds Collection

Sammy Spencer around the time of his death.

Cohen tried to persuade his partner to cancel the new brand or register it as part of the partnership, but Spencer refused. According to him they were his cattle, even though he had used some of Cohen's money to buy them.

Despite numerous letters Cohen wrote demanding retribution or the return of a portion of his initial investment, Spencer refused on the grounds that the cattle under the new brand were his and his alone. Cohen continually pressed for some kind of payment, and Spencer repeatedly refused.

By 1886 the strain of being in business with Cohen had surpassed Spencer's level of tolerance. He decided to sell the cattle to a group of eastern investors and dissolve the partnership. Weary of Spencer's verbal abuses, Cohen consented to the sale.

Friends of Cohen tried to dissuade him from going to Hackberry, reminding him that at one time Spencer had threatened to "kill Cohen and throw his body into a canyon so deep the crows could not fly to it." But the little clerk had no fear of his partner. He was sure he could handle whatever came along, and he boarded the train for Hackberry.

On November 23, 1886, a sober Spencer rode into Hackberry with his five-year-old son, Sammy. While waiting for the train to arrive, he left the boy at the store with a bag of candy and went to a saloon for a few drinks.

Hearing the train whistle, Spencer downed his last drink, purchased a quart of whiskey, and rushed out. He picked up his son at the store and returned to his wagon.

Cohen could see his partner had been drinking, but he made no comment. He climbed up onto the wagon seat and looked forward to ending his association with Spencer. Unfortunately, all hope of settling their affairs in town was dashed when he was told the investors were waiting for them at the ranch. Although he had some misgivings about traveling twenty miles to Milkweed Springs, Cohen had no choice.

Because of the cold winter air, Sammy was wrapped in a quilt and placed on the floor of the wagon. Once he was settled in, the men headed north.

Spencer drank from the whiskey bottle from the very onset of the trip. Nothing was said until, ten miles out, Cohen made the mistake of mentioning the disputed cattle. Cohen felt he was entitled to half of what those cattle sold for. Spencer was adamantly opposed, claiming the cattle were his and the profits were to be for his children's future.

An argument ensued. In anger, Spencer tried to hit his partner with the whiskey bottle. Cohen fended off the blow and struggled to control the drunken man, but it was futile. Being the smaller of the two, all he could do was retreat from his crazed partner.

Both men soon reached the edge of the seat and fell out of the wagon. The horses were spooked by the men's sudden tumble and ran off, with Sammy huddled in a corner of the wagon. In their panic they straddled a cedar tree and broke the neck yoke. The wagon lurched to an abrupt halt.

A shaken Sammy crawled out of the

Both John C. Grounds Collection

Above, Sammy Spencer around 1886. Right, Sam Crozier, possibly the only real friend Charles Spencer ever had. Since his ranch was not far from Milkweed Springs, he often gave a helping hand to Spencer and his family.

wagon and hurried back to his father, who had already slipped a knife out of his pocket. The boy watched as Cohen picked up a tree limb and the two men began to circle each other.

Each time Spencer made a jab with the knife, Cohen took a swing with the tree limb. A mighty blow from the branch eventually knocked the knife out of Spencer's hand. Having gained the advantage, Cohen wildly beat the larger man with the tree limb. When Spencer finally butted him, they both went down.

Spencer rammed a fist into Cohen's face, dislodging two teeth. Another fist struck the little man in the eye, but neither blow kept him down.

Cohen was soon back on his feet and delivering the same powerful strokes. Spencer was on the defensive until he leveled a smashing right to Cohen's jaw and sent him reeling to the ground. Spencer threw himself on the little clerk and tried to choke the last breath out of him.

Drawing up all his strength, Cohen flattened his hand against the face of his deranged rival and attempted to push him off. Spencer chomped down on Cohen's thumb and nearly bit it off.

Despite the tremendous pain and the blood spurting from his thumb, Cohen managed to throw off Spencer. By then the liquor was impairing the burly Spencer's strength. Cohen was able to grab Spencer around the neck and bite his nose, ripping part of it off.

For two hours the men fought with only one goal—to kill each other. They clawed, bit, and battered one another until they both passed out from exhaustion. The ground for 180 yards was spotted with blood.

COHEN REGAINED consciousness first, and he found himself sprawled across Spencer's chest. Thinking "it's either him or me," Cohen picked up the knife and slit his partner's throat, severing the jugular vein. The stroke was quick, and death was almost instant.

With his remaining energy, Cohen dragged himself to one of the horses grazing nearby. He mounted it, pulled Sammy up behind him, and rode to the Crozier ranch. He left the boy there and turned himself in to the law.

The deputy sheriff of Hackberry rode to the scene of the fight with several other men. They loaded Spencer's cold body onto a wagon and took it to Phillips's icehouse in town. There it was laid out on boards placed across two sawhorses.

Cohen was tried for the murder of Charles Spencer in December 1886 at the Prescott Court House. He was found not guilty on a verdict of self-defense. Soon after, he went to Fresno, California, where he opened his own store.

Spencer's family was not abandoned after the funeral and trial. He had provided for their care by appointing his friend Sam Crozier executor of his will. The children were to share equally his half interest in the ranch, and Crozier was to do what was best for the family.

The Spencer children were sent to school in Los Angeles; Sanigee moved to a place in Hackberry. Sammy Spencer died at age nineteen from tuberculosis, and his sister Mamie married and remained in California. Neither of the children seems to have been affected by their father's tarnished reputation as a drunk, a contemptible businessman, and a fighter to the brutal end.

When the first flock of Latter Day Saints arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, Brigham Young's immediate order of business was to select a site for the temple. Here the belief in the Mormon doctrines of marriage "for time and eternity" and ceremonial work for one's kindred dead could be fulfilled.

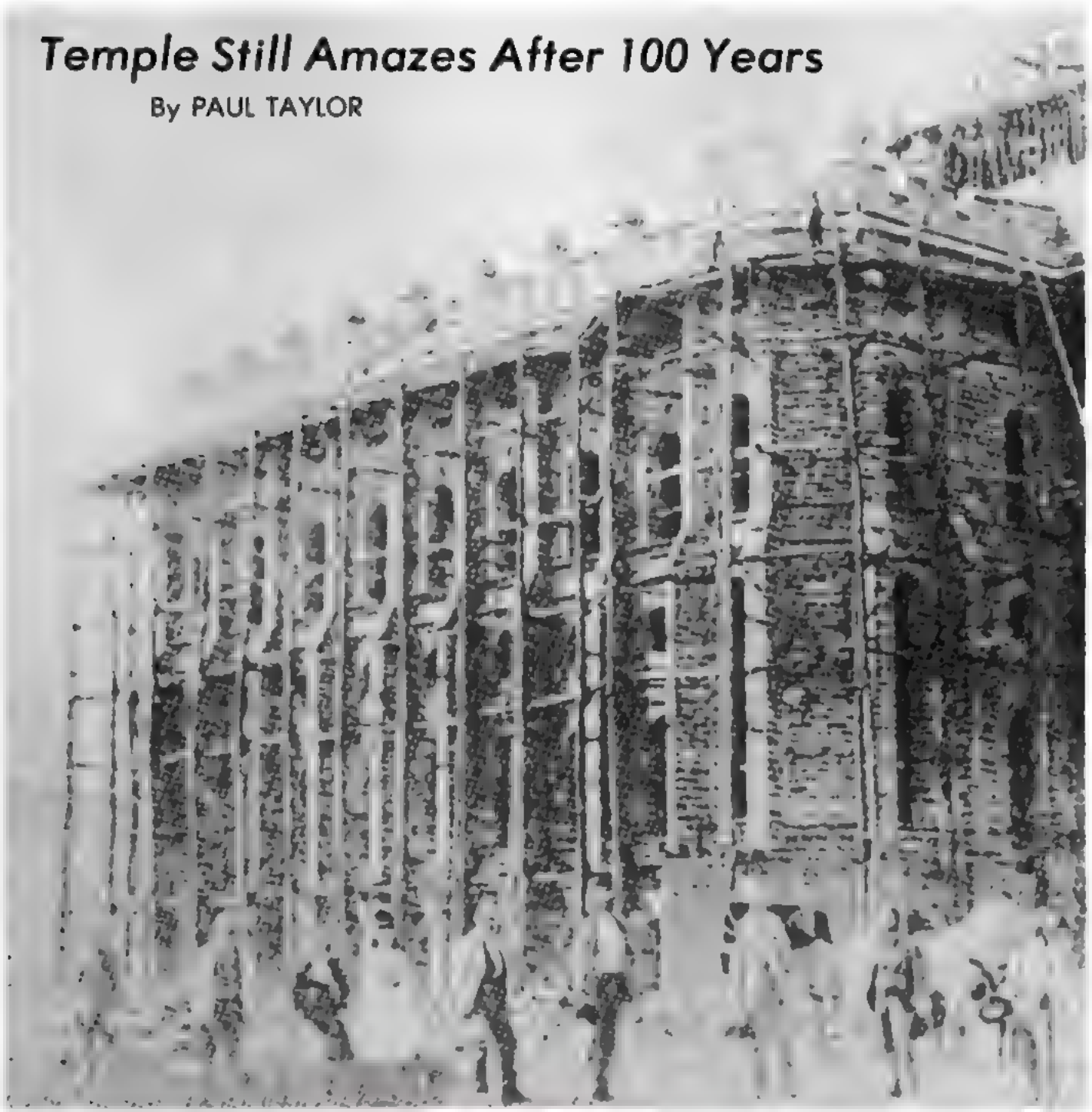
The Salt Lake Temple was such an enormous project that it was forty years in the building. Meanwhile, a temporary substitute, the Endowment House, was built.

Many a couple made the long trek from the hamlets in southern Utah and what is now southeastern Nevada to have marriage ceremonies performed in the Endowment House. The journey was difficult and time consuming. When it is considered that the mission to colo-

A MIRACLE IN D

Temple Still Amazes After 100 Years

By PAUL TAYLOR



nize those areas involved living in terrible material deprivation, such far removal from the spiritual sustenance of ceremonial life caused many to leave the mission.

Brother Brigham, however, was determined that the Cotton Mission, as the southern hamlets were called, would become a permanent part of the church's empire. To encourage the Saints to remain and accomplish their purpose, he decided to build a temple in the heart of the cotton country at St. George. The decision cast a halo of glory over a formerly undistinguished little desert hamlet.

"I rejoice," Young said, "when I contemplate the advance of the work in which we are engaged. The idea may arise that this is a hard land in which to make a living. Now I am thankful for the land just as it is. It is a splendid country in which to raise Saints."

Young was right. The very struggles and hardships suffered by the founders of the Cotton Mission had developed within them true humility and genuine faithfulness to Young's leadership. To them, he was a prophet of God, a new Moses who had led them from the iniquities of the wicked world into a promised land.

George A. Smith, first counselor to Young, expressed the same spirit of appreciation for the Rio Virgin area. "This part of the territory contains a great number of old acquaintances and friends. . . . The town of St. George is orderly, public improvements going forward rapidly; it is almost a wonder by what magic hand so fine a city could, in so short a time, spring up in a desert."

THE SAINTS within the Dixie Mission were always close to the heart of the great pioneer leader. As Young made his journeys from Salt Lake and entered St. George, he was usually given a loyal pioneer reception. Of his visit on May 5, 1869, the *Rio Virgin Times* wrote, "On Friday last, President Brigham Young and party arrived amid a general rejoicing. The military, both horse and foot, were out together with artillery. The former took the road on which our distinguished guests were expected to enter the city, while the latter, stationed near our office, signaled the approach and entrance to the city, with the big gun.

"A great number of Sunday School scholars, with their teachers and many unique and appropriate banners were drawn up in good order. A multitude of citizens were also present. The St. George and Santa Clara Brass Bands were discoursing musical notes while the multitude added much to the bustle and eclat of reception as the party drove up in front of President Snow's mansion."

Young was fully aware that within the southern mission were many of what he called "the choice spirits of the Church." Feeling that the social atmosphere of St. George made it an excellent place "to raise Saints," it was only logical to select the Dixie region as a place to build a temple.

On January 12, 1871, at a council meeting in the home of his colonizing lieutenant, Erastus Snow, Young issued the following communication: "To all engaged on the Temple, or any department connected there-with we say, Be diligent and faithful in the prosecution of your labors. Yours is a high calling, and an important duty. You are engaged in building a House to the Name of the Most High. . . . The building of such a Temple is one of the greatest Missions which can be performed. . . . Then be encouraged brethren and let us pursue our course and erect this Temple as soon as possible."

TO FINANCE the Temple, the church drew on all the tithing resources of southern Utah, periodically sending great caravans of wagons to collect the people's offerings. These towns not only donated material goods but also sent so many of their men to contribute labor that a bakery, butcher shop, and boarding houses were constructed to provide for them.

Truman O. Angel, church architect, assisted by Brother Brigham, drew the plans. Miles P. Romney was superintendent of construction, and Edward L. Parry supervised the cutting and laying of the stone.

On November 9, 1871, the temple site was dedicated by Counselor Smith. Construction work began that afternoon. Scarcely had the builders broken ground on the foundation trench when they encountered difficulties. The ground was hard and dry on the surface, but just a few feet below it was discovered to be wet and miry. An underground ledge of rock was located on the north side of the proposed temple, just a few feet under the surface. This ledge served as the basis on which that side of the foundation was built. On the other three sides, great drains were constructed to carry

IXIE

Utah State Historical Society

Plastering on the outside of the temple was under way in November 1876. George Jarvis, a British sailor, supervised construction of the scaffolding.

Both Author's Collection

At left, Brigham Young in the 1850s, not long after his arrival in Utah. George A. Smith, right, faithfully supervised construction of the temple.

away the excessive mud and water.

In an effort to secure a more firm footing, the foundation trench was dug twelve feet wide and twelve feet deep, but the ground was still too wet and miry to support the weight of the temple. To solve the problem, Young instructed the builders to place volcanic rock from the nearby hills in the bottom of the trench and pound it down into the mire with a pile driver.

The pile driver they used was a product of pioneer ingenuity. Jesse W. Crosby had secured a small cannon on one of his trips to California for merchandise during the 1860s. The cannon reputedly came from Commodore Stockton's fleet, which was in California when the Mexican War broke out in 1846.

Brother Crosby filled the barrel with lead, encased the barrel in heavy ash timbers held tight with iron bands, and placed a ring in the muzzle. That became the hammer that pounded the volcanic rock into the muddy earth to make a firm footing upon which the walls were to rest.

Foundation walls of the temple were laid on top of this rock-saturated mire. In the words of Edward L. Parry, chief mason, "The foundation walls are built of large volcanic flat rocks ten to twelve feet long, three to four feet wide and twelve to fourteen inches thick, weighing from four thousand to seven thousand five hundred pounds each."

The foundation rocks were brought from a quarry on the Black Ridge west of St. George. The present road leading up the ridge was built at that time to transport the huge rocks, which were pulled by ox teams to the site. There, on rollers, they were eased into the foundation trench. The upper walls of the temple were built of red sandstone secured from a quarry north of the city.

For a small band of Saints living in a desert region, 100 miles from the nearest railroad, the task of constructing such a building was gigantic. To quarry, build roads to, and haul the 17,000 tons of rock in the walls of the St. George Temple was an undertaking worthy of admiration, especially because it was accomplished by donated labor.

The great amount of lumber necessary was obtained at the mills on Mount Trumbull, some eighty miles southeast of St. George near the deep canyon of the Colorado River. Before the lumber could be secured it was necessary to build a road to it. On April 13, 1874, a crew of workmen under direction of the United Order, began making the wagon road. About a week later there were reported to be about forty-five men from St. George, Santa Clara, Washington, Toquerville, Virginia City, Pine Valley, Harmony, and Kanarra who had volunteered to work on the project. By May 16, the road was passable.

Robert Gardner, lumberman and president of the St. George Stake

One of the most dangerous parts of the road was down Hurricane Fault. Before assaying the steep descent, the drivers tightened the binding on the loads and then roughlocked the rear wheels to act as a brake on the freighters' wagons. Even with roughlock the heavily laden running gears came down the hill too rapidly for comfort.

United Order, was called to take charge of lumbering at Mount Trumbull. On June 5, 1874, he reported that the two mills at Mount Trumbull would be able to saw 18,000 to 20,000 feet of lumber daily and that the million feet necessary for the temple would be milled within three or four months.

Among the equipment traveling the road were two water trailers, one of which was a tank, the other a wagon bed filled with fifty-gallon barrels. They supplied water for the oxen in the train, since it was necessary to make dry camp on the journey both coming and going. One million feet of lumber were freighted over the Mount Trumbull road, and the ox train also made a single trip to McDonald's sawmill at Upper Kanab for lumber.

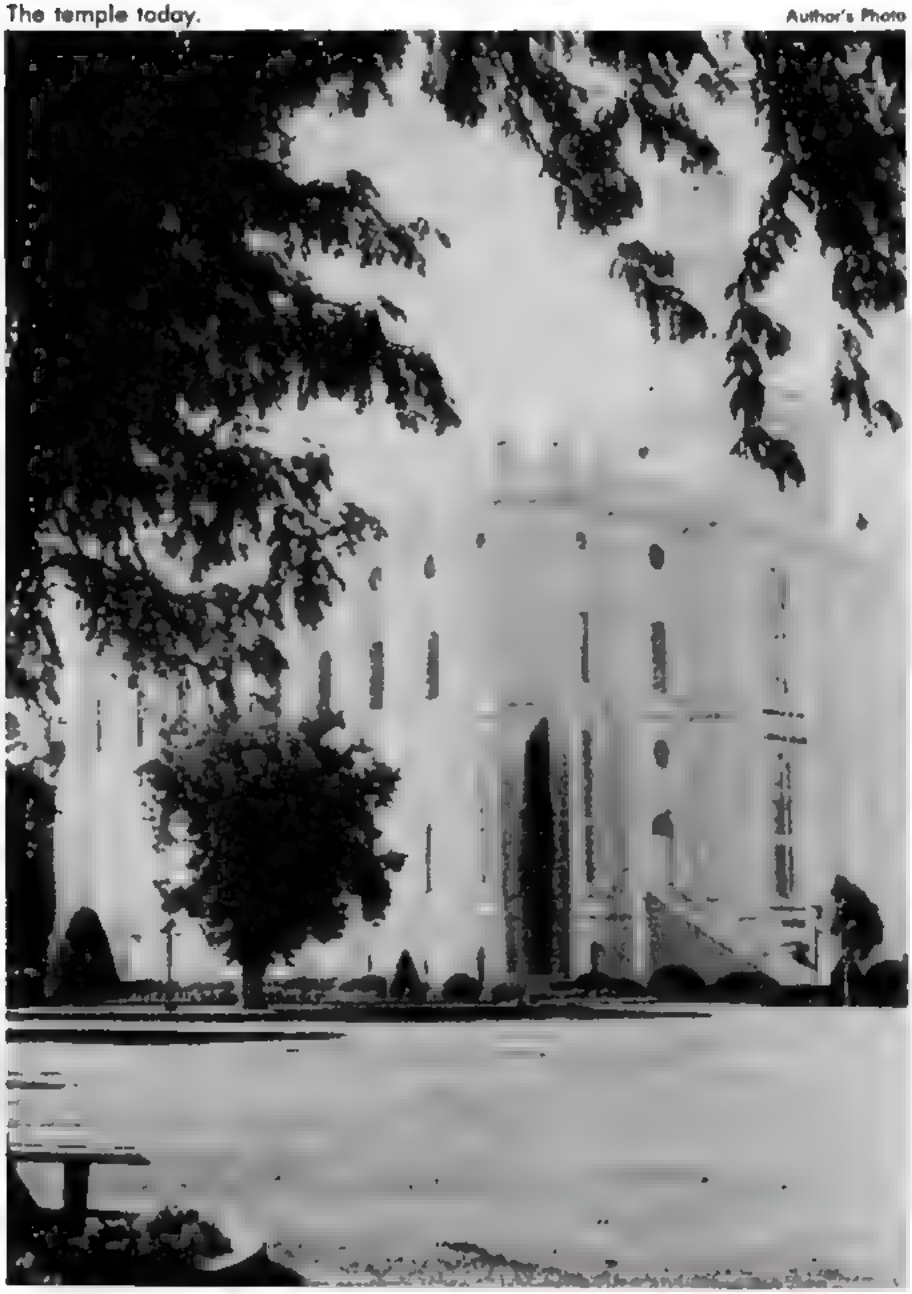
One of the most dangerous parts of the road was down Hurricane Fault, which borders the present site of the town. Before assaying the steep descent, the drivers tightened the binding on the loads and then rough-locked the rear wheels to act as a brake on the freighters' wagons. Even with rough-lock the heavily laden running gears came down the hill too rapidly for comfort. In his diary, pioneer historian Charles L. Walker describes such a descent. "The brakes on the wagon gave way, and it ran over the mules, killing one (they thought) and crippling the other. They patched the outfit up and took it on to St. George, leaving the dead mule by the roadside. Three days later the white mule, left for dead, came like a homing pigeon into town."

Plastering on the outside of the temple was under way in November. On January 15, 1876, John Burt fell to the ground from a scaffold seventy feet high. In his fall he had struck the puglocks bracing the scaffold, which undoubtedly saved his life. Two days later, with the help of a crutch, he was able to walk. "The angels of God were nigh to him to lighten his fall and the power of God through laying on of hands was manifest in his behalf," was a common conclusion.

One of the highlights in the building of the temple came on April 1, 1874, when President Young deposited a box of various records, church publications, and newspapers inside a stone box which was placed in the wall at the southeast corner.

By January 1, 1877, the temple was sufficiently completed to warrant a preliminary dedication. By April, the structure was complete. In harmony with Brother Young's announcement, the General Conference of the church was called to meet in the temple. The final and complete dedication was pronounced on April 6, 1877.

The temple today. Author's Photo



AS EARLY as February 8, 1877, the *Deseret News* had carried a word of warning from Presidents Young, Woodruff, and Snow cautioning the people outside the St. George Stake to bear in mind that the temple's capacity to accommodate those who wished to attend the conference was limited.

The original cost of the temple was just a little less than $1 million.

The baptismal font, which weighs 18,000 pounds, was the gift of Brigham Young. It was cast in three separate pieces at the foundry in Salt Lake City. Each piece was loaded on a specially prepared wagon and hauled by ox teams to St. George, a distance, by the winding roads of that day, of over 350 miles. The journey required between three and four weeks. At the St. George Temple, the font was welded together.

The completion and dedication of the St. George Temple marked the close of Brigham Young's constructive work in southwestern Utah. The April conference would be his last visit to the Cotton Mission. On August 29, 1877, the vigorous, colonizing prophet closed his career.

A Minor Classic

TRAVELS IN MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA. *By A.B. Clarke. Edited by Anne M. Perry. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843. $17.50 cloth bound.*

Too many of us throw around adjectives like "definitive" and nouns like "classic" with great abandon when we are describing books of Western Americana. The latter term, by rights, should be reserved for the likes of Francis Parkman, Richard Henry Dana, and Josiah Gregg. But there really are many titles which we might call mini-classics in our field of interest. A.B. Clarke's fascinating account of his journey from Brazos Santiago, Texas, to California (1849) via northern Mexico, including Arizona (then part of Sonora), is a case in point. The 1852 original has now been reprinted and lightly edited. The text needs little fiddling-with; it is a very readable narrative by an intelligent and interested observer. Here we have one of the best firsthand accounts of the Southern Route to the Mother Lode gold camps described by Ferol Egan in *The El Dorado Trail* and by this reviewer in *Gila Trail* and *Texas Argonauts.*—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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Northwest Logging

KINSEY, PHOTOGRAPHER: THE LOCOMOTIVE PORTRAITS. *By Dave Bohn and Rodolfo Petschek. Chronicle Books, 275 Fifth Street, San Francisco, California 94103. $19.95 paper bound.*

This is a superb presentation of steam locomotives used by turn of the century logging-lumbering operations in the Pacific Northwest. Photographs taken in the field by a more than just talented photographer, Darius Kinsey, were enhanced in the darkroom by his wife, Tabitha May. His field work covered the period from 1890 to 1940; Tabitha performed the darkroom finishing for forty-seven years.

Locomotive Portraits would be an outstanding book if it included only the pictures of the locomotives. But John Labbe, woodsman, "gyppo" logger, sawmill operator, coauthor, and historian of the logging industry, contributes a historical essay on each locomotive. Excerpts from interviews with old-timers who worked with or operated these locomotives add spice and color.

For students of the logging industry in the Northwest there is an insert of a contemporary directory of the Washington lumber/logging industry and operations.

Each of the portraits is made against the background of the environment, logging operations, and transportation facilities. Environmentalists might decry the scenes of clear-cutting and the rape of the primordial forests of the Northwest. At the turn of the century in the logging industry such scenes were being duplicated wherever timber was being harvested. Thankfully that has changed.

Construction engineers will be astounded and intrigued by the railroad track structures; the gradients employed; and, above all, the trestles, bridges, and cribs—all built using the materials available at the building sites.

Books, television, and the movies have created a stereotype of loggers as hard drinking, huge, uncouth individuals, almost supermen in size and strength. Kinsey's photographs reveal the inaccuracy of that image. The loggers appear little different than today's working men.

Astounding is the only way to react to the girth of the some of the logs being harvested. Many of them contained enough board feet of lumber to build a six-room frame house. While some rail cars were built with coupled trucks and superstructure, most often a wheeled truck was cabled or chained to each end of the log. In effect, the log formed the superstructure. (I spent my working life on mountain railroads, and I still cannot believe what I see in Kinsey's pictures.)

Kinsey portrays three types of geared locomotives—Shays, Climaxes, and Heislers—and two rod engines—Baldwins and Porters. The geared locomotives were the workhorses on the steep grades; the rod locomotives operated on the mainlines from harvesting areas to the mills or dump sites at tidewater where speed was necessary. Labbe covers the differences among the locomotives and their uses

well, and includes historical data on each.

It is pleasing for an admirer of William H. Jackson, the great photographer of the western scene, to find another, Kinsey, as great for the quality and conception of his work.—*John Norwood, Arvada, Colorado.*

"Thirty-Minute Boots" and "Coyote Bright"—The Life of a Cowboy

PONY TRAILS IN WYOMING: HOOFPRINTS OF A COWBOY AND U.S. RANGER. *By John K. Rollinson, edited by E.A. Brininstool. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0520. $11.95 paper bound.*

Know what it meant when a cowboy said he was "chokin' Lizzie"? He was grabbing the saddle horn when a horse tried to throw him. How about "thirty-minute boots"? That one was apparently peculiar to John K. Rollinson, who gave his work boots that label because of the time it took to lace and unlace them.

Sometimes it seems that cowboy memoirs are getting to be a dime a dozen, but this reprint of a 1941 title, first published by Caxton Printers of Idaho, has a certain originality to recommend it. Rollinson arrived in Wyoming in the 1890s as a young runaway from the East, as green as they come and full of questions: "Why ain't that horse tied?" "Why does that saddle have all those long strings on it?" "Why do boots have such high heels?" Several years later, he rode out for California, a seasoned cowboy and former U.S. Ranger, convinced that any man was better for having lived in the Shining Mountains and for having "been made happy by the teachings of God's country."

Writing years later, Rollinson recalled his adventures in a serious, straightforward prose with a remarkable memory for detail and a sustained enthusiasm for the life and people he had known as a cowboy. His adventures included all the classics of cowboy life, along with some unusual ones—marriage to an eastern heiress in distress, though they eventually "split the blanket"; friendship with Tom Horn, whom he staunchly defended; service as a U.S. Ranger, even though that was considered by some the surest way to spoil a good cowboy.

Throughout, life in the West was a learning experience for Rollinson, and he is honest about his own gaps in knowledge and experience. Once, when there were girls in camp, he confesses to having ridden about "with my best shirt on, my chest thrown out, my head held high, and my hat at a rakish angle . . . I expect I was a mighty conceited young cuss in those days." But the lessons of the West were well taken, and Rollinson's text is downright technical about freighting, carpentry, trapping, and other skills he learned.

Readers may want some signposts to tell how long Rollinson had been west and how old he was at various points. These are missing, but otherwise Rollinson's memories provide an enjoyable look at cowboy life in Wyoming around the turn of the century.

The book is illustrated with photos, some including the author, by Huffman Photos of Miles City, Hiscock Photos, and Kershaw Photos of Cody. There's a brief foreword by E.A. Brininstool, and then there's that glossary—how about "coyote bright" to describe a moron who is uncanny smart?—*Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.*

America's Oldest Highway West

IMAGES OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL. *By Gregory M. Franzwa. Patrice Press, 1701 S. Eighth Street, St. Louis, Missouri 63104. $24.95 cloth bound, $19.95 paper bound.*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SANTA FE TRAIL: A CONTEMPORARY DIARY. *By Gregory M. Franzwa. Patrice Press. $14.95 cloth bound, $9.95 paper bound.*

It is ironic that the Santa Fe Trail, America's oldest highway to the West, was overlooked eleven years ago when Congress amended the National Trails Systems Act in 1978 to include four new National Historic Trails in the West.

That oversight has now been corrected. In May 1987, President Reagan signed an act designed to include the Santa Fe Trail. A year later, in the spring of 1988, Gregory Franzwa delightedly accepted an offer to join a National Park Service study team which began an official survey of the trail. The two books reviewed here are the result of his travels over that historic route. Franzwa, a cartographer whose *Maps of the Oregon Trail* and *The Oregon Trail Revisited* are well known to western historic trail buffs, is also the director of Patrice Press which publishes nonfiction works on the American West.

The two new books, *Images* and *Impressions*, work together wonderfully. *Images* contains 118 pages of black-and-white photographs, beginning with one of a historic marker in Old Franklin, Missouri, and ending with a two-page

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spread showing the Arkansas River at Las Animas, Colorado. In between are a wide variety of photos Franzwa took while accompanying the National Park Service team during their four major field trips to carry out a thorough study of the trail.

Franzwa had to be a busy man during the spring of 1988 when the work was being carried out. He not only took the photos which comprise *Images* but he was also doing detailed mapping of the trail. In addition, Franzwa kept a daily diary, from March 15 through May 22, 1988, in which he not only describes, in very readable and personalized prose, some of the history and topography of sites along the trail route, but also provides descriptions of both the research team members and the people they met during their travels. This diary evolved into the second book, *Impressions of the Santa Fe Trail.*

The two books, then, work in concert. The reader can follow the team's progress in the text of *Impressions*, refer frequently to the large Santa Fe Trail map in the back of either book for orientation, and then search in *Images* for photographs which depict the scenery, buildings, or people in the area.

Franzwa's use of anecdotes about everything from the weather to encounters with a rattlesnake puts the reader right beside the research team each day as they explore the trail westward across Kansas, angle through the Oklahoma panhandle and into New Mexico via the Cimarron Cutoff, and then turn back north from Santa Fe and, finally, head eastward on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail, effectively covering both routes used by the early travelers.

Impressions is just what its title implies, a first-person, casual narrative of the experiences of the survey team with many interesting historical tidbits and stories thrown in. It makes no claim to being a scholarly, detailed, factual study of the route and the camping sites which are strung along it like beads on a necklace. For the serious student interested in technical information, directions, mileage, and measurements, there are other publications better able to serve his needs. But for the Western aficionado who would like to "really experience" the trip from Boonville, Missouri, to the adobe-clad capital of Santa Fe without clambering up rocky outcroppings in the cold prairie wind or warily eyeing some mean-looking steers while searching for swales that mark the wagon tracks, these are the books. What better way to explore the Santa Fe Trail from the comfort of an easy chair in one's own living room?—*Jacqueline Dorgan Meketa, Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

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Trails Grown Dim

Cole

I am looking for information on William Theophlius Cole. He was born about January 26, 1859, and he lived in Springville, Indiana, in Green County. I would appreciate any information on him.—**Roy Theoplius Cole, 107½ W. Lawrence Avenue, Charlotte, Michigan 48813.**

Willis

My great-great-grandfather John Willis was born in Putman, Indiana. He went to Oregon in 1840 with his wife and two sons. In a wagon train of seventy families, his was the only one with a team of horses. The others all drove oxen. He financed all seventy families in the wagon train.

In Oregon a great blizzard confined them to their homes all winter. In 1849 he went to California to take part in the gold rush. He bought a gold mine, but he died soon after of a hemorrhage of the lungs. He was buried in California, and his family moved back to Indiana.

I think one of his sons was William Lewes Willis. He married Nancy Etchison, and they had twelve children. I would like to know where John Willis is buried in California, and I would be interested in any other information on this family.—**Mildred Gima, Route 2, Box 38, Carthage, Missouri 64836.**

Brown-Coe

Cal Brown and Al Coe ranched together in Lincoln County, New Mexico. Al Coe was a cousin of George W. Coe, of Lincoln County War fame. In October 1881, the Coes and Cal Brown set out for the San Juan-La Platte River country of New Mexico and Colorado. After Christmas that year, Cal Brown went to Nebraska and moved his father's family to the La Platte River not far from Fort Lewis.

Cal Brown had at least one brother, John, and one sister, Phoebe. In November 1882, George Coe and Phoebe Brown were married. The elder Brown had a hay farm, which George Coe ran for him. Most of the hay was sold to the cavalry at Fort Lewis. I would like to hear from anyone having any information on the Browns or from the George Coe family. All letters will be answered.—**Jim Brown, 1000 Harvard Way, Apt. 30, Reno, Nevada 89502.**

Salsido-Apodaca

I am looking for information on the families and resting places of Joe, Leon, Tirso, Paula, Tomasa, and Anita Salsido Apodaca. If anyone knows of any of their graves, please give the city, state, and name of the cemetery. Funeral homes may have records of their relatives. I will answer all letters and will exchange information and share photos. A native Texan.—**Lucille Martin, 25 E. Atchison, Fresno, California 93706.**

Theriot

I am looking for information on the surname of Theriot. It is also spelled Therio, Thario, and Thirio. My grandfather John Theriot came to the United States from France. He married Anna Dixon in McLean County, Illinois, on March 30, 1840. Anna Dixon was the daughter of John Dixon and Drusilla Harvey. They are buried at Denman cemetery, McLean County, Illinois. Any help will be most welcome.—**Mrs. Gail Meeks, Route 4, Box 242, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.**

Hardy-Lickingteller

I need any information on Harriet Stiles Hardy. She was on her way to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, about 1915, when she disappeared and was never heard from again.

I also am in need of information on Jonathan Lickingteller, who was born in Dakota Territory. He received a pension in his later years.—**Connie Watkins, 6224 Westridge Trace, Acworth, Georgia 30101.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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The Man Who Threw Away $20 Million

By PETER F. STEVENS

On July 4, 1880, perhaps the strangest, costliest bet in the history of the Old West unfolded in the dusty town of Charleston, Arizona. The wager was reputedly a "race" between a man on foot and a man on horseback, and the predictable outcome cost the loser, a prospector whose "nose for ore" was virtually unrivaled, $20 million.

According to many western historians, you can still see the face of the man who was both one of the greatest prospectors and one of the most tragic "losers" in the annals of the West; you need only look at the state seal of Arizona. There, leaning on a pick-axe and peering out beneath a broad-brimmed hat is George Warren, "The Father of the Camp," the man whose epitaph is "Poor in Pocket—Rich in Friends." If Warren could have curbed his fondness for "bug juice," his pockets would have bulged with one of the greatest fortunes west of the Mississippi.

The legend of George Warren began in the late summer of 1877, when three United States Cavalry scouts explored a rugged stretch of Arizona known as Mule Pass. Near the desolate mining outpost of Bisbee, where ore had been discovered in either 1875 or 1876, the three troopers stumbled across huge deposits of copper and silver. One of the scouts, John Dunn, filed a claim but soon faced a dilemma: as an Army scout, Dunn could not mine the ore in Mule Pass and Mule Gulch. Unwilling to pass up a shot at what looked to be a fortune in minerals, he offered to "grubstake" a prospector named George Warren.

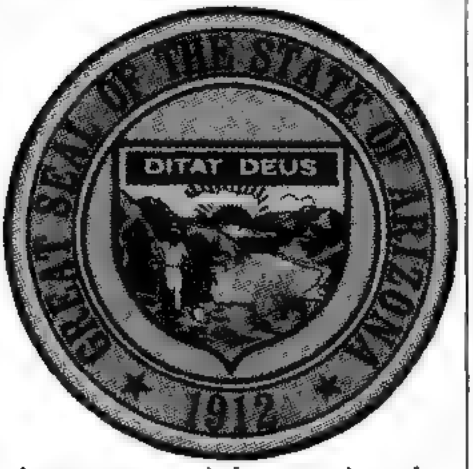
Warren, whose craggy features, beard, mustache, and deep-set eyes were the visage of a man who knew his way around mines and mining camps, agreed to the grubstake, whose traditional terms were an even split of all profits. Whether this particular deal began as

Pickerell Collection, Bisbee, Arizona

George Warren.

a fifty-fifty split is unknown, but Warren later came to own a one-ninth share of the Copper Queen Mine.

Having gathered mules, shovels, picks, explosives, food, water, and the various other tools of their trade, Warren and a band of miners rode out from



Arizona state seal, featuring the unfortunate George Warren.

Fort Huachuca in 1877 and made their way into Mule Pass. The remote hills and outcroppings soon echoed with the clang of miners' picks biting into solid rock. On December 27, 1877, Warren and his associates staked out what would become a fabulously lucrative mine; they dubbed their strike the Mercey Mine, but eventually changed its name to the Copper Queen. Warren filed claims on nearly a dozen other mines even as cart-loads of ore began to stream from the Copper Queen, the more recent finds bearing such titles as the Silver Queen, the Mohawk, McKean, Robb, and the Neptune.

Bisbee, Warren's and the other prospectors' base of operations, became a rough and tumble mining camp as word of the rich finds spread throughout the West. In 1878 a professional assayer set up an ore smelter and bellows amid the rude, wood-frame shacks and the twisting, rutted mining roads springing up almost daily in Bisbee. Even when sudden downpours turned the town into a quagmire, prospectors hauled load after load of ore from the mine shafts.

Warren and the other miners soon found themselves "surrounded" by con men, saloonkeepers, cardsharps, prostitutes and gunslingers, the newcomers hailing from such "wild and wooly" locales as Tombstone and anxious to ply

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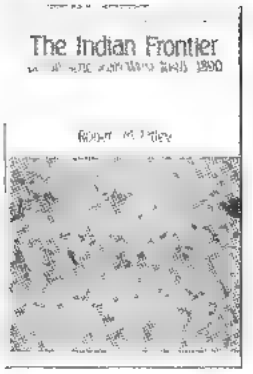

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their "trades" in Bisbee, where fortunes were won or lost in a day. Violence, fueled by "bug juice," whiskey, made the town an exciting but dangerous place. So much a mining town was Bisbee that its first school was a miner's shack "with packing boxes for desks and brown wrapping paper to write on."

It was not only Bisbee's inhabitants who posed daily threats to each other. Whenever four blasts of a steam whistle pealed through the streets, women and children ran and hid in the mine shafts adjoining the town, and men made sure their rifles, shotguns, and six-shooters were loaded and ready; the whistle's shrieks heralded an Apache raid. Instead of the clang of miners' picks and the rumble of ore cars, the crack of gunfire and the war whoops of braves filled the air above Bisbee and Mule Pass.

Warren and the other miners soon found themselves "surrounded" by con men, saloonkeepers, cardsharps, prostitutes, and gunslingers, the newcomers hailing from such "wild and wooly" locales as Tombstone and anxious to ply their "trades" in Bisbee, where fortunes were won or lost in a day.

With his knack for finding ore, George Warren should have been well on his way to amassing a staggering fortune from the slopes near Bisbee. Instead, he squandered his money in drinking bouts, gambling binges, and probably every other vice a man could have. And Bisbee in the 1870s and 1880s was a place where a man could always find a bottle, a fleshpot, or a card game. Warren's mining claims began to disappear, signed away in a haze of alcohol and foolish bets. Through it all, he somehow managed to hang on to his richest possession, his one-ninth share in the Copper Queen.

Warren was in Charleston, Arizona, on the Fourth of July, 1881, reeling from a holiday's worth of bug juice. He struck up a conversation with a reveler named George Atkins, and according to the generally accepted story, Warren challenged Atkins to a race. The prospector staked his share in the Copper Queen on the result of the wager; Atkins bet something much less valuable—his horse. But there was a "kicker" to the bet: Warren gambled that he could outrace Atkins' horse!

Warren and Atkins, the latter astride his mount, reportedly agreed to race one hundred yards to a pole, turn, and run back to the original starting line. A boisterous throng of holiday celebrants gathered to watch the "sucker's bet." One source claims that Warren believed "he could win on the turn," which the horse and rider would have to take much wider than a man afoot. How Warren expected to outsprint the horse on the straightaway was anyone's guess, as the drunken prospector must have had a hard enough time staggering up to the starting line, never mind the pole.

The race's result was all too predictable. Several minutes later, the dead-drunk miner signed away his share in the Copper Queen and with it one of the Old West's greatest fortunes. In the years ahead, Warren's share in the mine would have netted him $20 million. Instead of becoming one of the era's tycoons, Warren would plunge farther and farther into ignominy.

A year after his footrace, Warren sat in an Arizona courtroom as a judge deliberated on the state of mind of the prospector who had drunk and gambled away all of his assets except for three mining claims. Warren, who doubtless would have bet away his last three shares, listened to the judge declare him insane and order the sale of the three mining interests before he could lose them in another of his drunken bets. The sale netted $925, and Warren was locked up for his own good.

Because his madness was considered "mild," Warren was soon released, and he headed for Mexico. But if he hoped to make a fresh start, it was too late, for time and bug juice had dulled the mining talents of "The Father of the Camp," who soon accumulated deep debts and sank into a squalid, hopeless lifestyle.

An Arizona jurist, G.H. Berry, heard of Warren's plight. Taking pity on the miner who had tossed away a fortune beyond most men's comprehension, Berry paid off Warren's Mexican debts. Warren then returned to Bisbee, a broken, destitute man reeling through the former scene of his glory days, a man bearing little resemblance to the savvy prospector who had grubstaked in Mule Pass in 1877. His former part-

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Warren monument, Evergreen Cemetery, Bisbee, Arizona.

ners in the Copper Queen gave him a small annuity, hardly enough to halt the decline of the miner. Reduced to working as a handyman around Bisbee, Warren lived out his days in poverty. Mercifully his sad plight ended in 1892. "The Father of the Camp" was laid in a pauper's grave in the Bisbee Cemetery, not too far from the Copper Queen. Above the plot was a rude wooden marker inscribed "G.W."

For over twenty years the rotting marker with the initials "G.W." was the only evidence of the resting place of the prospector who had played such a vital role in opening the region's mines. Bisbee officials ordered the exhumation of Warren's remains in 1914 and buried his body in a more fitting plot for "The Father of the Camp." If Warren could see his epitaph, "Poor in Pocket—Rich in Friends," perhaps he would read it with equal measures of pride and wistfulness.

One thing is certain. Had it not been for his addiction to bug juice and gambling, George Warren would have emerged from the shadows of Bisbee's mines as one of the wealthiest men in the annals of the Old West. On a frontier with savage weather, fierce Apaches, and mine cave-ins, George Warren succumbed to an even more dangerous enemy—himself.

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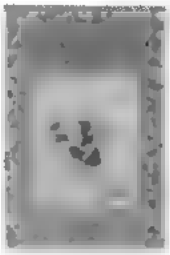

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Mar. 9	June 1989	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1989	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1989	July 1 - Aug. 1
June 9	Sep. 1989	Aug. 1 - Sep. 1
July 9	Oct. 1989	Sep. 1 - Oct. 1
Aug. 9	Nov. 1989	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1989	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1990	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1990	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1990	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1990	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1990	Apr. 1 - May 1

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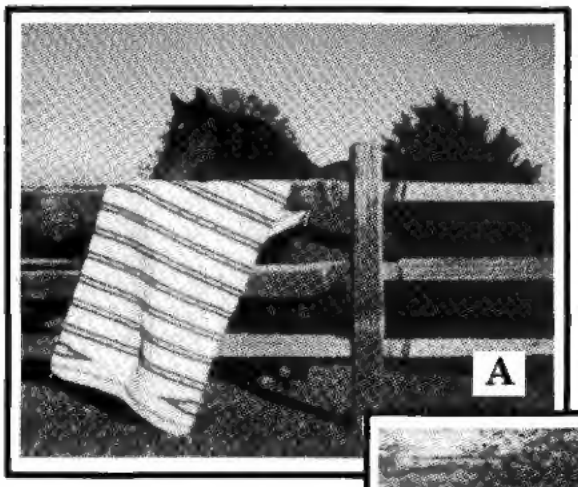

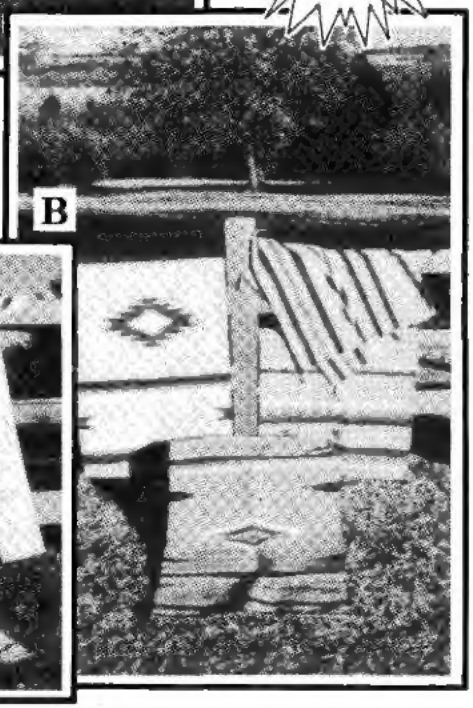

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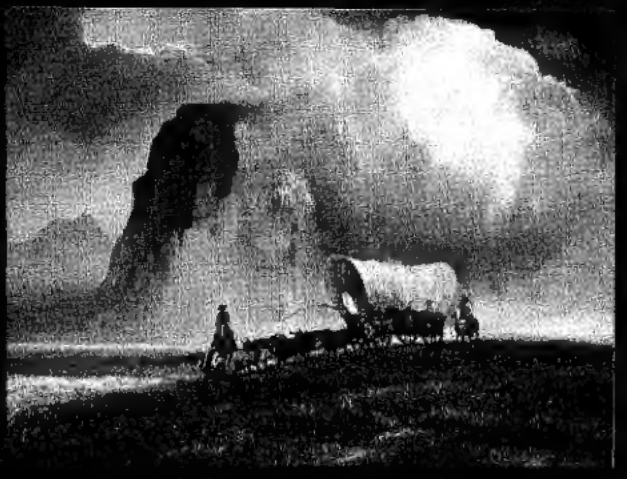

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